

C. F. H.

SAUNY
THE
SCOT.

Shakspeare (H.)

H

YNUAS

THE

SCOT.

Sauny the Scot;

O R, T H E

Taming of the SHREW:

A

COMEDY,

As it is now Acted at the THEATRE
ROYAL in *Drury Lane*, by Her
MAJESTY'S Company of *Comedi-
ans*.

Written by JOHN LACY, Esq;

*Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetick Rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have Reform'd your Stage.*

Proh. to Rehearsl.

L O N D O N:

Printed for B. Bragge, in *Pater-noster-row*, 1708.
Price one Shilling six Pence.

Saunty the Scot :

OR THE

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Prof. to Reform.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Baskett, in Paternoster-row.
Price one Shilling fix Pence.

The Dedication

TO THE

Right Honourable the Earl of

BRADFORD.

When by this way of Address, I gain an admission into your Lordships Honourable Walls; the full View of that venerable Brow, I meet there, and all the radiant Glories round it, demands the humblest bending Knee from so bold an Intruder.

'Tis here I survey the bountiful Smiles of the great and gracious Dispenser of Blessings, in devolving on so deserving a Head, so unbroken a Chain of continued Prosperity, thro' your Lordships long and still unfinish'd Race of Honour.

'Tis thus, thro' the various Administration of so many successive Sovereign Heads, the Throne has ever found your Lordship a vigorous Supporter: Your Country a faithful and unshaken Patriot: Your Altars a constant and zealous Devote: Your Equals, the more exalted Veins, a leading Worthy among them, whilst

The Dedication.

whilst Your Lordship has so signally distinguish'd
Your conspicuous Merits, that the Elder Heads of
Honour, have all the reason in the World to pride
themselves in so eminent a Pattern of Virtue, and
the Younger to copy from it.

'Tis thus, my Lord, You have enjoy'd a long blest
Life, more a Reward than Gift, a Donation more
from the Divine Gratitude, than Favour. For true
Virtue is so much and so justly the Darling of Hea-
ven, that the Blessings that fall on such a Favourite-
Head, are not the random Skewers of Providence.

Your Lordships austere Profession of Piety, has
not the least Tincture of Bigottry: For as Your Lord-
ship has ever made it Your Care thoroughly to read the
World; yet so equally have You divided the Work
of Life, that in all the greatest Load of private or pub-
lick Affairs, Your Lordship still never wanted Leisure
or Application to the sublimer Study of Heaven. 'Tis
from This you can equally taste the innocent Blessings
of this Life; and yet at the same time make the
wisest and securest Provision for a Richer Feast
in the next.

Amongst these innocent Enjoyments, Your Lord-
ship has ever had a particular Relish to the Diversions
of the Theatre; and 'tis this Consideration only has
animated my Presumption in making your Lordship
this publick Presentation. And as the Offering I
humbly make Your Lordship, is a Piece that took its
Original from the celebrated Pen of the famous
Shakespear, and afterwards receiv'd its finishing
Stroke

The Dedication.

*Stroke from that Ingenious Comedian Mr. Lacy ;
and thereby has acquired the Merit of appearing so
often on the Stage, handed down through so long an
Age ; and even to continue its Reputation to the pre-
sent Generation, a still darling Entertainment ; 'tis
from hence alone it has arrogated a little more Boldness,
in laying it self at Your Lordships Feet, by the
Hand of*

My Lord,

Your Lordships,

most Dutiful and

most devoted Servant,

The Dedication.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

L ord Beaufoy, Father to <i>Margaret</i> , and <i>Biancha</i> .	} Mr. Keen.
<i>Woodal</i> , a rich old Citizen, courts <i>Bian-</i> <i>cha</i> .	} Mr. Johnson.
<i>Petruchio</i> , the Tamer.	Mr. Mills.
<i>Geraldo</i> , another Pretender to <i>Biancha</i> .	Mr. Husbands.
<i>Tranio</i> , young <i>Winlove's</i> Servant	Mr. Fairbank.
Sir <i>Lyonel Winlove</i> , a Country Gentleman.	Mr. Cross.
Young <i>Winlove</i> , his Son.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Snatchpenny</i> , a Town Sharper.	Mr. Pack.
<i>Famy</i> , Servant to <i>Winlove</i> .	Mr. Norris.
<i>Sauny</i> , <i>Petruchio's</i> Scotch Footman.	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Curtis</i> , <i>Nick</i> , <i>Philip</i> , and other Servants to <i>Petruchio</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Margaret</i> , the Shrew.	Mrs. Bradshaw.
<i>Biancha</i> , her Sister.	Mrs. Mills.
<i>Widow</i> .	

Scene L O N D O N.

Sauny the Scot,

O R,

The Taming of the S H R E W.

Enter Winlove and his Man Tranio.

Win. I Am quite weary of the Country Life; there is that little Thing the World calls *Quiet*; but there is nothing else; Clowns live and die in't, whose Souls lie hid here, and after Death their *Names*: My kinder Stars (I thank 'em) have wing'd my Spirit with an Active Fire, which makes me wish to know what Men are Born for. To Diet a Running Horse, to give a Hawk casting, to know Dogs Names; These make not Men; no, 'tis Philosophy, 'tis Learning, and Exercise of Reason to know what's Good and Virtuous, and to break our Stubborn and Untemper'd Wills, to Choose it; This makes us Imitate that Great Divinity that Fram'd us.

Tran. I thought you had learn't *Philosophy* enough at Oxford, what betwixt *Aristotle* on one side, and *Bottle-Ale* on the other, I am confident you have arriv'd at a Pitch of Learning and Virtue sufficient for any Gentleman to set up with in the Country, that is to be the Prop of the Family.

Win. My Father's Fondness has kept me so long in the Country, I've forgot all I'd Learn't at the University; Besides, take that at Best, it but Rough-casts us; No, *London* is the choicest Accademy, 'tis that must Polish us, and put a Gloss upon our Country-Studies; Hither I'm come

2 SAUNY the SCOT: or,

at last, and do resolve to glean many Vices. Thou, *Tranio*, hast been my Companion, still one Bed has held us, one Table fed us; and tho' our Bloods give me Precedency (that I count Chance) my Love has made us Equal, and I have found a frank return in thee.

Tran. Such a Discourse commands a serious Answer; Know then, your Kindness tells me, I must Love you: The Good you have taught me commands me to Honour you; I have learnt, with you, to hate Ingratitude; But setting those aside, for thus I may seem to do it for my own sake, be assur'd, I must love you, tho' you hate me; I neither look at Vice nor Virtue in you, but as you are the Person I dote on.

Win. No more; I do believe and know thou lov'st me: I wonder *Jamy* stays so long behind: You must look out to get me handsome Lodgings, fit to receive such Friends the Town shall bring me; you must take care of all, for I'm resolv'd to make my Study my sole Business; I'll live handsomly, not over-high, nor yet beneath my Quality.

Enter Beaufoy, Margaret, Biancha, Woodall, and Geraldo.

But stay a little, What Company's this?

Beau. Gentlemen, Importune no farther, you know my firm Resolve, not to bestow my Youngest Daughter, before I have a Husband for the Elder; if either of you both Love Pegg, because I know you well, and love you well: You shall have freedom to Court her at your Pleasure.

Wood. That is to say, we shall have leave to have our Heads broken, a prime Kindness, by ur Lady she's too rough for me; There, *Geraldo*, take her for me, if you have any Mind to a Wife; to her, you are Young, and may clap Trammel's on her, and strike her to a Pace in time; I dare not deal with her, I shall never get her out of her high Trot.

Marg. 'Tis strange, Sir, you should make a Stale of me among these Mates thus.

Geral. Mates, Madam, Faith, no Mates for you, unless you were a little Tamer; wo' worth him that has the Breaking of you?

Marg.

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Marg. Take heed I don't bestow the breaking of your Calves Head for you; Your Mate, marry come up; go get you a Sempstress, and run in Score with her for Muckinders to dry your Nose with, and marry her at last to pay the Debt. And you there, Goodman Turnep-eater, with your Neats-Leather Phisnomy, I'll send your Kitchen-wench to Liquor it this wet-Weather; Whose old Boots was it cut out of?

Geral. From all such *Petticoate-Devils* deliver us, I pray.

Tran. Did you ever see the like, Sir? that Wench is either stark Mad, or wonderful Froward.

Wood. I can't tell, but I had as live take her Dowry with this condition, to be whipt at *Charing-Cross* every Morning.

Geral. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten Apples, but since 'tis as 'tis, let us be Friendly Rivals, and endeavour for a Husband for *Margaret*, that *Biancha* may be free to have one, and then he that can win her, wear her.

Wood. I would give the best Horse in *Smithfield* to him that would thoroughly Woe her, Wed her, and Bed her, and rid the House of her, to carry her far enough off; well come agreed.

Exit.

Tran. But pray, Sir, is't possible that Love should of a sudden take such hold of you.

Win. O *Tranio*, till I found it to be true, I never found it possible, but she has such attractive Charms, he were a Stone that did not Love her; I am all Fire, burn, pine, perish *Tranio*, unless I win her; Counsel me, and Assist me, Dear *Tranio*.

Tran. Are all your Resolutions for Study come to this? you have got a Book will hold you tack, you are like to be a fine *Virtuoso*, now must we to a *Chymist* to set his Still a going for *Philters*——*Love-Powders*, and Extracts of Sigh's and Highoe's.

Win. Nay, *Tranio*, do not make Sport with my Passion, it is a thing so deeply rooted here, it cannot dye, but it must take me with it; help me, or hope not long to see thy Master.

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Tran. Nay, Sir, if you are so far gone there's no Remedy, we must contrive some way, but 'twill be difficult; for you know her Father has mew'd her up, and till he has rid his Hands of her Sister there's no coming near her.

Win. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he; but don't you remember what care he took to provide Masters for her?

Tran. I, Sir, and what of all that?

Win. Y'are a Fool, can't I be prefer'd to her, to teach her *French*, I have a good command of the Language, and it may be easily done.

Tran. I don't apprehend the easiness of it; for who shall be Sir *Lyonel's* Son here in Town? To ply his Studies, and welcome his Friends, visit his Kindred, and entertain 'em.

Win. Be content, I have a Salve for that too; we have not yet been seen in any House, nor can be distinguish'd by our Faces, for *Man* or *Master*. Then it follows thus, you *Tranio* must be young *Winlove* in my stead, and bear your self according to my Rank; I'll be an ordinary French Master about the Town, the time I stay'd in *France*, in that will help me, it must be so. Come, come, uncase, and take my Cloath's, and when we're at our Lodgings, we'll make a full change; when *Jamy* comes he waits on thee, but first I'll charm his Tongue.

Tran. 'Twill be needful; since this is your Pleasure I'm ty'd to be Obedient, for so your Father charg'd me at your Parting, altho' I think 'twas in another sense; in short I'm ready to serve you, and assist you in your Enterprize.

Enter Jamy.

Win. Here comes the Rogue. Sirrah, Where have you been?

Jam. Where have I been? Pray how now Master, where are you Master? has *Tranio* Stroln your Cloaths, or you his, or both?

Win.

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Win. Sirrah come hither, this is not time to Jest. Some weighty Reasons make me take this Habit; enquire not; you shall know 'em time enough; mean while wait you on *Tranio* in my stead I charge you as becomes you, you understand me.

Jam. I, Sir, ne'r a whit.

Win. And not of *Tranio* one word in your Mouth, he's turn'd to *Winlove*

Jam. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tran. When I am alone with you, why then I am *Tranio* still; in all places else, your Master *Winlove*.

Win. *Tranio*, let's go. One thing yet remains, which you must by no means neglect, that is, to make one among these Wooers; Ask me not why, but be satisfied, my Reasons are both good and weighty.

Tran. I obey, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Petruchio, and his Man Sauny.

Pet. **S**irrah, leave off your *Scotch*, and speak me *English*, or something like it.

Saun. Gud wull I, Sir.

Pet. I think we have ridden twenty Miles in three Hours, *Sauny*, are the Horses well rubb'd down and litter'd?

Saun. Deel O my Saul, Sir, I ne'r scrub'd my self better nor I scrub'd your Nags.

Pet. And thou need'st scrubbing, I'll say that for thee, thou Beastly Knave, why do ye not get your self cur'd of the Mange?

Saun. S'breed, Sir, I w'ud ne'a be cured for a thousand *Pand*; there's nea a Lad in a w *Scotland* but loves it; Gud *Saundy* might hang himsel an it were not for scratting and scrubbing.

Pet.

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Pet. Why so, prethee?

Saun. When ye gea 'rull a Ladies House ye are blith and bonny, Sir, and gat gud Meat, but the Deel a bit gats *Saundy*, meere than Hunger and Cawd, Sir; Ba then, Sir, when aw the Footmen stan still, Sir, and ha nothing to dea, then goes *Saundy* tul his Pastime, seratten and scrubben.

Pet. Do'ft call it Pastime?

Saun. A my Saul de I, Sir; I take as muckle Pleasure, Sir, in seratten and scrubben, as ye de in tippling and mowing.

Pet. Nay, if it be so, keep it; and much good may it d'ye. This is my old Friend *Geraldo's* Lodgings, for whose sake now I am come to Town, I hope he's at home; there *Sauny*, Knock.

Saun. Wuns, Sir, I see nean to Knock boe' yer can fel, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, I say Knock me soundly at this Gate.

Saun. Out, out, in the Muckle Deel's Name t'ye; you'l gar me strike ye, and then ye'l put me a-wau, Sir, with yer favour Ise nere do't, Sir: Gud an ye ne ken when ye an a gued Man, S'breed I wo't when I've a gued Master, ye's bang yer fel for *Saundy*.

Pet. Rogue, I'll make you understand me.

[Beats him.

Saun. Gud an yeed give *Saundy* ea bang ai twa mere e that place, for I can ne're come at it to serat it my fel, Sir.

Pet. Yes thus, Sir.

[Beats him again.

Saun. The Dee'l faw yer Fingers, I may not beat yea o' yee'r e'ne Dunghil, Sir, bot gin I had yea in Scotland, Is'e ne give yea a Bawbee for your Lugs.

Enter *Geraldo*.

Ger. How now *Sauny*, What Crying out? Dear *Petruccio*, most welcome; when came you to Town? What Quarrel is this 'twixt you and *Sauny*? I pray let me compose the Difference; and tell me now what happy Gale drove you to Town, and why in this Habit? Why in Mourning?

Pet. A

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Pet. A common Calamity to us young men, my Father has been Dead this four Months.

Ger. Trust me I am sorry, a good old Gentleman.

Sann. Gee yer gate, Sir, ge yer gate, on ye be sow a grief ye'r nea Friend, Sir, we are blyth and bonny, Sir, we nere woe for't.

Pet. Sirrah, you long to be basted.

Sann. Gud do I not, Sir.

Pet. Hither I come to try my Fortunes, to see if good luck and my Friends will help me to a Wife; Will you wish me to one?

Ger. What Qualifications do you look for?

Pet. Why Mony, a good Portion.

Ger. Is that all?

Pet. All Man? all other things are in my making.

Ger. I shall come roundly to you, and wish you to a rich Wife, but her Face——

Pet. That shall break no Squares, a Mask will mend it; Wealth is the burthen of my wooing Song. If she be Rich, I care not if she want a Nose or an Eye, any thing with Mony.

Sann. De ye nea gi him Credit, Sir, I wud a halp him rul a Heeland Lady with twanty Thousand Pund; Gud he wud nea have her, Sir.

Pet. Sirrah, your twenty Thousand Pounds Scotch, will make but a pitiful *English* Portion.

Sau. Gud, Sir, Bo a muckle deal of Scotch Punds is as gued as a little deal of *English* Punds.

Ger. She has nothing like this, but a thing worse, she has a Tongue that keep's more Noise than all that ever mov'd at *Billingsgate*.

Pet. Pish, a Trifle; where lives she? I long to be wooing her, let me alone with her Tongue. I'm in Love with the news of it, who is't? who is't? I'm resolv'd for her or Nobody.

Ger. But look before you leap, Sir, and say you were warn'd.

Sann. Out, out, she can nea break his Cragg upon her, Gud an ye'd venter your bonny Lass, I'll venter my bonny Lad at her, Sir.

Ger.

8 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Ger. Her Father is the noble Lord *Beusfoy*, her Name *Margaret*, fam'd about Town for a *Vixen*.

Pet. The Town's an Ass, come prithee shew em the House, I will not sleep till I see her, I know her Father. Nay, I am resolv'd Man, come prithee come.

Saun. Wun's Man an she be a Scawd, awaw with her, awaw with her, and *Johne Johnston's* Curse gang with her.

Ger. Prethee what's that?

Saun. That is, the Deel creep into her Weem tith very bottom on't, that's to the Croone geud faith of her Head.

Ger. Well, Sir, if you are resolv'd, I'll wait on you; to say the truth, 'twill be my great advantage, for if you win her, I shall have liberty to see her younger Sister, sweet *Biancha*, to whose fair Eyes I am a Votary; and you, in order to my Love, *Petruchio*, must help me; I'll tell you why, and how you must prefer me as a Musick-Master to old *Beausfoy*.

Pet. I understand you not.

Saun. He'd ha ye make him her Piper, Sir; Gud at ye'd make *Saundy* her Piper, wun's Ide sea bleu her Pipe.

Pet. Sirrah be quiet, what I can I'll serve you in; But who comes here *Geraldo*?

Enter Woodall and Winlove disguis'd.

Ger. 'Tis Mr. *Woodall*, a rich old Citizen, and my Rival: Hark.

Saun. Out, out, What sud an awd Carle do with a young bonny Lass, are ye not an aud Thief, Sir.

Wood. How!

Saun. Are ye not an aud Man, Sir?

Wood. Yes marry am I, Sir.

Saun. And are not ye to marry a young Maiden?

Wood. Yes, What then?

Saun. And are not ye troubled with a fear grief, Sir.

Wood. A fear grief, what fear Grief?

Saun. Your troubled with a great weakness i'th' bottom of your Bally, what sid yea dea with a young Maiden? Out, out, out.

Wood!

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Wood. You understand me, your French Books treat most of Love; those use her too, and now and then you may urge something of my Love and Merit. Besides her Fathers Bounty, you shall find me liberal.

Win. Monsieur, me vill tell her the very fineting of you, me vill make her Love you whether she can or no.

Wood. Enough, Peace, here's *Geraldo*; your servant, Sir, I am just going to my Lord *Beaufoy* to carry him this Gentleman, a *Frenchman*, most Eminent for teaching his Country Language.

Ger. I have a Master for *Biancha* too, but waving that, I have some News to tell you. I have found out a Friend that will Woo *Margaret*; What will you contribute, for he must be hir'd to't?

Wood. Why I will give him fifty Guineas in hand, and when he has don't I'll double the Sum.

Ger. Done, Sir, I'll undertake it.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, I've gat it done muckle cheaper, for twanty Punds I've dea it my Sel.

Ger. Come, down with your Mony, and the Bargain's made.

Wood. But if he shou'd not do it, I don't care for throwing away so much Mony.

Ger. If he don't I'll undertake he shall refund.

Wood. Why then here's ten Guineas, and that Ring I'll pawn to you for 'tother forty, 'tis worth a hundred; but do's the Gentleman know her Qualities?

Pet. I, Sir, and they are such as I am fond on; I would not be hir'd for any thing, to woo a Person of another Humour.

Enter Tranio brave, and Jamy.

Tran. Save you Gentlemen; Pray which is the way to my Lord *Beaufoy*'s House?

Wood. Why, Sir? what's your Business there? you pretend not to be a Servant to either of his Daughters, d'ye?

Tran. You are something blunt in your Questions; perhaps I do.

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Pet. Not her that chides, on any hand I pray.

Tran. I love no chiders; come *Jamy*.

Ger. Pray stay, Sir, is it the other?

Tran. May be it is, is it any offence?

Wood. Yes 'tis, Sir, she is my Mistress.

Ger. I must tell you, Sir, she is my Mistress too.

Tran. And I must tell you both she is my Mistress; Will that content you? Nay never frown for the Matter.

Saun. And I must tell ye all, there's little hopes for *Saundy* then.

Win. The Rogue does it rarely.

Pet. Nay, nay, Gentlemen, no Quarrelling unless it were to the purpose: Have you seen this young Lady, Sir?

Tran. No, Sir: But I'm in Love with her Character. They say she has a Sister moves like a Whirlwind.

Pet. Pray spare your Description, Sir; that furious Lady is my Mistress; and till I have married her, *Biancha* is Invisible; her Father has Sworn it, and, till then, you must all move forty Foot off.

Tran. I thank you for your admonition; I should have lost my Labour else; and since you are to do all of us the Favour, I shall be glad to be numbred among your Servants, Sir.

Pet. You will honour me to accept of me for yours. But pray, Sir, let me know who obliges me with this Civility?

Tran. My Name is *Winlove*, Sir, a *Worstershire* Gentleman; where I have something an old Man's Death will intitle me to, not inconsiderable. Come, Gentlemen, let's not fall out, at least till the fair *Biancha*'s at Liberty; shall we go sit out half an hour at the Tavern, and drink her Health?

Saun. Do my Beards; and I'll drink with ye to Countenance ye.

Pet. I, I, agreed; Come, and I'll to my Mistress.

Saun. Gud these Lads are o' *Saundy*'s Mind, they'll rather take a Drink, nor Fight. [Exeunt.

Enter Margaret and Biancha.

Marg. Marry come up proud Slut, must you be making your self Fine before your Elder Sister? You are the Favourite

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yourite, are you? but I shall make you know your Distance; give me that Necklace, and those Pendants, I'll have that Whisk too, there's an old Handkerchief good enough for you.

Bianc. Here, take 'em, Sister, I resign 'em freely; I would give you all I have to purchase your Kindness.

Marg. You flattering Gypsie, I could find in my Heart to slit your dissembling Tongue; come, tell me and without Lying, which of your Sutors you Love best? Tell me, or I'll beat you to Clouts, and pinch thee like a Fairy.

Bianc. Believe me, Sister, of all Men alive, I never saw that particular Face which I cou'd Fancy more than another.

Marg. Huswife you Lye; and I could find in my Heart to dash thy Teeth down thy Throat. I know thou lov'st *Geraldo*.

Bian. If you affect him Sister, I Vow to plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Marg. O then belike you fancy Riches more, you love old *Woodall*,

Bian. That old Fool! Nay now I see you but Jested with me all this while; I know you are not angry with me.

Marg. If this be Jest, than all the rest is so: I'll make ye tell me e're I have done with you Gossip. [*Flies at her.*]

Enter Beaufoy.

Beau. Why how now Dame, Whence grows this Insolence? *Biancha* get thee in my poor Girl; She Weeps; Fye, Peg, put off this Devilish Humour; why dost thou cross thy tender Innocent Sister? When did she cross thee with a bitter Word?

Marg. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies at Biancha.*]

Beau. What in my sight too? You scurvy Ill-natur'd thing: Go, poor *Biancha*, get thee out of her way.

[*Exit Biancha.*]

Marg. What will you not suffer me? nay, now I see she is your Treasure; She must have a Husband; and I Dance

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Barefoot on her Wedding-Day, and for your Love to her lead Apes in Hell. I see your care of me, I'll go and cry till I can find a way to be quit with her. [Exit.

Beau. Was ever poor Man thus plagu'd?

Enter Woodal with Winlove disguis'd, with Jamy carrying a Lute and Books, and Tranio.

How now, who'se here?

Wood. Sir your Servant, I am bold to wait on you to present you this Gentleman, an acute teacher of the French Tongue, his Name's Monsieur Maugier, pray accept his Service.

Beau. I am your Debtor, Sir, Monsieur you'r welcome.

Win. Me give you thanks, Sir.

Beau. But what Gentleman is that?

Wood. I don't love him so well to tell you his Errant, but he would come along with me; you had best ask him.

Tran. I beg your Pardon for my Intrusion; we heard your Fair and Virtuous Daughter *Biancha*, prais'd to such a height of Wonder, Fame has already made me her Servant. I've heard your Resolution not to match her till her eldest Sister be bestow'd, mean while I beg admittance like the rest to keep my hopes alive; this *Lute*, Sir, and these few French Romances I would dedicate to her Service.

Beau. Sir, you oblige me, pray your Name?

Tran. 'Tis *Winlove*, Son and Heir to Sir *Lyonel Winlove*.

Beau. My noble Friend, he has been my School-fellow; for his sake you are most kindly welcome, you shall have all the freedom I can give you.

Enter Sauny and Geraldo disguis'd.

Saun. Hand in hand, Sir, I'll go tell him my sel. Where is this Laird?

Beau. Here, Sir, What would you have, what are you?

Saun. Marry I'll ean a bonny Scot, Sir.

Beau. A Scotchman, is that all?

Saun. Wun's wud ye have me a Cherub? I ha brought ye a small Teaken, Sir.

Beau. But d'ye hear you Scot, don't you use to put off your Cap to your betters?

Saun.

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Saun. Marry we say in *Scotland* Gead Mourn til ye aw the Day, and sea put on our Bonnets again, Sir; Bud, Sir, I ha brought ye a Teaken.

Beau. To me, where is't? from whence is your Teaken?

Saun. Marry from my good Master *Petruchio*, Sir; he has sen ye a Piper to teach your bonny Lasses to Pipe, but gin yet lit *Sauny* teach 'em? I'll pipe 'em sea Whim—Whum, their Arses shall nere leave giging and joling while their's a Tooth in their Head.

Beu. Petruchio! I remember him now, how does thy Master?

Saun. Marry, Sir, he means to make one of your Lasses his Wanch; that is his Love and his Ligby.

Beau. You are a saucy Rogue.

Saun. Gud wull a, Sir, he'll tak your Lafs with a *Long Tang* that the *Deel* and *Saundy* wun a venter on, but he's here his aun sel, Sir.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Your most humble Servant.

Beau. Noble *Petruchio* welcome, I thank you for your Kindness to my Daughters. Within there.

Enter Servant.

Conduct these Gentlemen to my Daughters, tell 'em these are both to be their Masters, bid 'em use 'em civilly; take in that Lute, and those Books there. *Petruchio* I hear you have lost your Father lately.

Pet. 'Tis true, but I hope to find another in you; in short I hear you have a fair Daughter call'd *Margaret*, the World says she is a *Shrew*, but I think otherwise; you know my Fortune, if you like my Person, with your Consent, I'll be your Son-in-Law.

Beau. I have such a Daughter; but I so much Love you, I would not put her into your Hands, she'll make you mad.

Saun. Gud he's as mad as Heart can wish, Sir, he need nea halp, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it Father, so I'll presume to call ye; I'm as Peremptory, as she's Proud-minded: And where two raging Fires meet together they do consume the thing that feeds

14 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

feeds their Fury; my Fathers Estate I have better'd not imbezell'd; then tell me, if I can get your Daughters Love, what Portion you will give?

Beau. After my Death the Moiety of my Estate; on the Wedding-day three Thousand Pounds.

Pet. And I'll assure her Jointure answerable; get Writings drawn, I'll warrant you I'll carry the Wench.

Beau. Fair Luck betide you.

Enter Geraldo bleeding.

How now Man, what's the matter? Will my Daughter be a good *Lutanist*?

Ger. She'll prove a better *Cudgel Player*; Lutes will not hold her.

Beau. Why then thou can'st not break her to thy Lute?

Ger. No, but she has broke the Lute to me; I did but tell her she mistook her fretts, and bow'd her Head to teach her Fingrings; Frets call you these, (quoth she)? and I'll fret with you, so fairly took me o're the Pate with the *Lute*, and set me in the Pillory; and follow'd it with loud Volly's of Rogue, Rascal, Fidler, Jack, Puppy, and such like.

Pet. Now by the World I Love her ten times more than e're I did.

Saun. Gud, bo'the De'll a bit ye's wad her, Sir; Wun's I'fe nea gi twa Pence for my Luggs gin you make her yer Bride.

Pet. I'll warrant you *Sauny*, we'll deal with her well enough.

Beau. Well, Sir, I'll make you Reparation, proceed still with my youngest Daughter, she's apt to learn. *Petruchio* will you go with us, or shall I send my Daughter to you?

Pet. Pray do, Sir, and I'll attend her here.

[Exeunt. Manu. Pet. Saun.]

Saun. Gud at yed gi *Saundy* a litile Siller to gea to *Scotland* agen.

Pet. Why *Sauny* I have not us'd the so unkindly.

Saun. Gud I'fe nea tarry with a Scauding Quean, Sir; yet the Deel saw my Luggs, if I'fe ken which is worse to tarry and venture my Crag, or gea heam to *Scotland* agen.

Enter

the Taming of the Shrew. 15

Enter Margaret.

Pet. Peace Sirrah, here she comes; now for a Rubbers at Cuffs. O Honey, pretty *Peg*, how do'st thou do Wench?

Marg. Marry come up Ragmanners, plain *Peg*? Where were you bred? I am called Mrs. *Margaret*.

Pet. No, no, thou ly'st *Peg*, thou'rt call'd plain *Peg*, and bonny *Peg*, and sometimes *Peg the Curst*, take this from me; hearing thy Wildness prais'd in every Town, thy Virtues founded, and thy Beauty spoke off, my self am mov'd to take for my Wife.

Marg. I knew at first you were a *Moveable*.

Pet. Why, what's a *Moveable*?

Marg. A Joint Stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it *Peg*, come sit upon me.

Marg. Asses were made to bear, and so were you.

Pet. Why now I see the World has much abus'd thee, 'twas told me thou wer't Rough and Coy, and Sullen; but I do find thee Pleasant, Mild and Courteous; thou can'st not Frown, nor Pout, nor bite the Lip as angry Wenches do. Thou art all Sweetness.

Marg. Do not provoke me, I won't stand still and here my self abus'd.

Pet. What a Rogue was that told me thou wer't Lame, thou art as straight as an Oser! and as Pliable, O what a rare walk's there! why there's a gate puts down the King of France's best great Horse.

Saun. And the King of Scotland's tea.

Pet. Where did'st thou learn the grand Paw *Peg*? It becomes thee rarely.

Marg. Doe's it so sawcebox? how will a Halter become you with a running-knot under one Ear?

Pet. Nay, no knot *Peg*, but the knot of Matrimony 'twixt thee and me, we shall be an excellent mad Couple well match'd.

Marg. I match'd to thee? what to such a Fellow with such a Gridiron Face; with a Nose set on like a Candel's end stuck against a mud Wall; and a Mouth to eat Milk-Porridge with Ladles? Foh, it almost turns my Stomach to look on't.

Saun.

16 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Saun. Gud an your Stomach wamble to see his Face,
What will ye dea when ye see his *Arse*, Madam?

Marg. Marry come up *Aberdeen*, take that and speak
next when it comes to your turn. [*hits him a box on the Ear.*]

Saun. S'breed the Deel tak a gripe O yer faw Fingers
and Drifs your Doublat for ye.

Pet. Take heed *Peg*, *Saun*'s a desperate Fellow.

Marg. You'r a couple of Logger-heads, Master and Man,
that I can tell you. [*Going.*]

Pet. Nay, nay, stay *Peg*, for all this I do like thee, and
I mean to have thee, in truth I am thy Servant.

Marg. Are you, why then I'll give you a Favour, and
thus I'll tye it on, there's for you. [*beats him.*]

Saun. Out, out, I'se gea for *Scotland*, Gud an she beat
ye *Saundy's* a Dead Man.

Pet. I'll swear I'll cuff you, if you strike agen.

Marg. That's the way to lose your Arm, if you strike
a Woman you are no Gentleman.

Pet. A Herald *Peg*? Prithee Blazon my Coat.

Marg. I know not your Coat; but your Crest is a Cox-
comb. [*offers to go away.*]

Pet. Stop her Sirrah, stop her.

Saun. Let her gea her gate, Sir, an e'n twa Deels and
a *Scotch* Wutch, blaw her Weeme full of Wind.

Pet. Stay her Sirrah, stay her, I say.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, stay her yer fen, but hear ye,
Sir, an her tale gea as fast as her tang, Gud ye ha meet
with a Whupster, Sir.

Pet. Prethee *Peg* stay, and I'll talk to thee in earnest.

Marg. You may Pump long enough e're you get out a
wise Word, get a Night Cap to keep your Brains warm.

Pet. I mean thou shalt keep me warm in thy Bed *Peg*;
what think'st thou of that *Peg*? In plain terms without
more ado I have your Fathers Consent, your Portions
agreed upon, your Jointure settled, and for your own
part, be willing or unwilling all's one, you I will marry,
I am resolv'd on't.

Marg. Marry come up Jack a Lent, without my leave?

Pet. A

Pet. A rush for your leave, here's a clutter with a troublesome Woman, rest you contented, I'll have it so.

Marg. You shall be bak'd first, you shall; within there, ha!

Pet. Hold, get me a Stick there *Sauny*; by this hand, deny to Promise before your Father, I'll not leave you a whole Rib, I'll make you do't and be glad on't.

Marg. Why you will not Murther me, Sirrah? you are a couple of Rascals, I don't think but you have pickt my Pockets

Saun. I'se sooner pick your Tang out O' your Head, nor pick your Pocket.

Pet. Come leave your idle prating, have you I will or no Man ever shall, whoever else attempts it his Throat will I cut, before he lies one Night with thee, it may be thine too for company; I am the Man am born to tame thee *Peg*.

Enter Beaufoy, Woodal and Tranio.

Here comes your Father, never make denial, if you do, you know what follows.

Marg. The Devil's in this Fellow, he has beat me at my own Weapon, I have a good mind to marry him to try if he can Tame me.

Beau. Now *Petruchio*, how speed you with my Daughter?

Pet. How but well, it were impossible I should speed amiss, 'tis the best natur'dst Lady—

Beau. Why how now Daughter, in your Dumps?

Marg. You shew a Fathers care indeed to Match me with this mad Hectoring Fellow.

Pet. She has been abus'd Father, most unworthily, she is not Curst unless for Policy; for Patience, a second Grizel; betwixt us we have so agreed, the Wedding is to be on *Thursday* next.

Saun. Gud *Saundy's* gea for *Scotland* a *Tuesday* then.

Wood. Hark *Petruchio*, she says she'll see you hang'd first, is this your speeding? I shall make you refund.

Pet. Pish that's but a way she has gotten, I have Woo'd her, Won her, and she's my own; we have made a bargain that before Company she shall maintain a little of her extravagant Humour, for she must not seem to fall off from't too soon; when we are alone, we are the kindest, loving'st, tender'st

18 SAUNY the SCOT: or,

Chickins to one another! Pray Father provide the Feast, and bid the Guests, I must home to settle some things, and fetch some Writings in order to her Jointure.—Farewel Gallants, give me thy hand Peg.

Beau. I know not what to say, but give me your Hands, send you Joy; *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.

Wood. Tran. Amen say we, we all are Witnesses.

Marg. Why, Sir, de'ye mean to match me in spite of my Teeth?

Pet. Nay, peace Peg, peace, thou need'st not be peevish before these, 'tis only before Strangers according to our Bargain; come Peg, thou shalt go see me take Horse, farewell Father.

Marg. As I live I will not.

Pet. By this Light but you shall; nay no resty tricks, away. [Exeunt.]

Saun. Gud I'se be your Lieutenant and bring up your reer, Madam. [Exit.]

Wood. Was ever Match clapt up so suddingly?

Beau. Faith, Gentlemen, I have ventur'd madly on a desperate Mart.

Wood. But now, Sir, as to your younger Daughter, you may remember my long Love and Service.

Tran. I hope I may, without Arrogance, Sir, beg you to look on me as a Person of more Merit.

Beau. Content ye, Gentlemen, I'll compound this strife, 'tis Deeds not Words must win the Prize; I love you both; but he that can assure my Daughter the noblest Jointure has her, what say you, Sir?

Wood. I'll make it out my Estate is worth *De Clara*, full twenty Thousand Pounds, besides some ventures at Sea, and all I have at my Decease I give her.

Tran. Is that all, Sir? Alas 'tis to Light, Sir, I am my Fathers Heir, and only Son, and his Estate is worth three Thousand Pound *per Annum*; that will afford a Jointure answerable to her Portion; no Debts nor Incumbrances, no Portions to be paid——have I nip't you, Sir?

Beau. I must confess your offer is the best, and let your Father make her this assurance, she is your own, else you must pardon me, if you should die before him, where's her Power?

Tran.

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Tran. That's but a Cavel, he's old, I young.

Wood. And may not young Men die as well as old, have I nip't you there again?

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd, on *Thursday* my Daughter *Peg* is to be Married; the *Thursday* following *Biancha's* yours, if you make this Assurance; if not, Mr *Woodal* has her; and so I take my leave, and thank you both. *[Exit.*

Wood. Sir, your Servant; now I fear you not: Alas, young Man, your Father is not such a Fool, to give you all, and in his waining Age, set his Foot under your Table; you may go Whistle for your Mistriss, ha, ha, ha. *[Exit.*

Tran. A Vengeance on your crafty wither'd Hide. Yet 'tis in my Head to do my Master good: I see no reason why this suppos'd young *Winlove* should not get a suppos'd Father called, Sir *Lyonel Winlove*, and that's a wonder, Fathers commonly get their Children, but here the Case must be alter'd.

Love brings such Prodigies as these to Town,
For that, at best, turns all Things upside Down. *[Exit.*

A C T III.

Enter Winlove, Geraldo, Biancha. Table cover'd with Velvet, two Chairs and Guitar. A Paper prickt with SONGS.

Ger. **P**Ray, Madam, will you take out this Lesson on the Guitar.

Win. Here be de ver fine Story in de Varle of Moun-sieur *Appollo*, and Madimoselle *Daphne*; Me vil Read you dat Madam.

Ger. Good Madam, mind not that Monsieur Shorthose; but learn this Lesson first.

Win. Begar Monsieur Fideler, you be de vera fine troublesome Fellow, me vil make de great Hole in your Head wid de Gittar, as Mrs *Margaret* did.

Ger. This is no place to Quarrel in: But Remember——

Biancha. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong, to strive for that which resteth in my bare Choice: To end the

Quarrel, sit down and Tune your Instrument, and by that time his Lecture will be done.

Ger. You'll leave his Lecture, when I am in Tune.

Bian. Yes, yes; pray be satisfied: Come, Monsieur, let's see your Ode.

Win. I do suspect that Fellow. Sure he's no Lute-Master.

Bian. Here's the place, come Read. [Reads.]

Do not believe I am a Frenchman, my Name is Winlove; He that bears my Name about the Town, is my Man Tranio. I am your passionate Servant, and must live by your Smiles. Therefore be so good, to give Life to my hopes.

Ger. Madam, your Guitar is in Tune.

Bian. Let's hear; fye, there's a String split.

Win. Make a de spit turn in the whole Man, and Tune it again.

Bian. Now let me see. [Seems to read.] I know not how to believe you. But if it be true, Noble Mr. Winlove deserves to be belov'd; and in the mean time keep your own Council; and it is not impossible but your Hopes may be converted into Certainties.

Ger. Madam, now 'tis perfectly in Tune.

Win. Fye, fye, Begar no Tune at all.

Bian. Now, Sir, I am for you.

Ger. Monsieur, pray walk now, and give me leave a while, my Lesson will make no Musick in three Parts.

Win. Me vil no trouble you Monsieur Fiddeller. I am confident it is so, this must be some Person that has taken a disguise, like me, to Court Brancha; I'll watch him. [Aside.]

Ger. First, Madam, be pleas'd to sing the last Song, that I taught you, and then we'll proceed.

Bian. I'll try, but I'm afraid I shall be out.

SONG.

Ger. Madam, before you proceed any farther, there be some few Rules set down in this Paper, in order to your Fingering, will be worth your Perusal.

Bian. Let's see. [Reads.]

Tho' I appear a Lute-Master, yet know my fair Brancha, I have but taken this disguise to get Access to you, and tell you I am your humble Servant and passionate Admirer, Geraldo. Pish take your Rules

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Rules again, I like 'em not, the old way pleases me best, I do not care for changing old Rules for these foolish new Inventions.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lords calls for you to help dress the Bride.

Bian. Farewel then Master I must be gone. *[Exeunt.]*

Ger. I know not what to think of her, this Fellow looks as if he were in Love, and she carresses him. These damn'd French Men, have got all the Trade in Town, if they get up all the handsome Women, the *English* must e'en march into *Wales* for Mistresses; well, if thy thoughts *Biancha* are grown so low, to cast thy wandring Eyes on such a Kickshaw, I'm resolv'd to ply my Widow. *[Exit.]*

Win. I am glad I'm rid of him, that I may speak my Mother Tongue agen, *Biancha* has given me hopes, I dare half believe she loves me.

Enter Beaufoy, Woodal, Tranio, Margaret, Biancha, and Attendants.

But here's her Father.

Beau. Believe me, Gentlemen, 'tis very strange! This Day *Petruchio* appointed, yet he comes not; methinks he should be more a Gentleman, than to put such a slur upon my Family.

Marg. Nay, you have used me finely, and like a Father; I must be fore'd to give my hand against my Will, to a rude mad-brain'd Fellow here; who Woo'd in haste, and means to Wed at leisure. This comes of obeying you, if I do't again, were you ten thousand Fathers, hang me.

Tran. Be Patient, Madam, on my life he'll come; tho' he be blunt and merry, I'm sure he's Noble; good Madam, go put on your Wedding Cloaths, I know he'll be with you ere you be Drest.

Marg. Wedding Cloaths, I'll see him hang'd before I'll have him, unless it be to scratch his Eyes out. *[Exit weeping.]*

Beau. Poor Girl! I cannot blame thee now to weep, for such an Injury wou'd vex a Saint; tho' I am old, I shall find some body will call him to a strict Account for this.

Enter Jamy.

Jam. O Master, News! News! and such News as you never heard off.

Beau.

22 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Beau. Why what News have you, Sir?

Jam. Is't not News to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

Beau. Why, is he come?

Jam. Why, no my Lord.

Beau. What then Sirrah?

Jam. He's coming, Sir.

Beau. When will he be here?

Jam. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Beau. Well Sirrah, is this all the News?

Jam. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat, and an old Coat, a pair of Britches thrice turn'd, a pair of Boots that have been Candle-cases; an old rusty Sword with a broken Hilt, and never a Chape; upon an old Lean, Lane, Spavin'd Glander'd, Broken-winded Jade, with a Womans Crupper of Velvet, here and there piec'd with Packthread.

Tran. Who comes with him?

Jam. O, Sir, his Man *Sauny*, and in an Equipage very suitable to his Master; he looks no more like a Christian Footman, then I look like a Windmill.

Wood. This is a most strange Extravagant Humour.

Beau. I'm glad he comes however he be!

Enter Petruchio and Sauny strangely habited.

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants, who's at home?

Beau. You're welcome, Sir, I'm glad your come at last.

Tran. I think I have seen you in better Cloaths.

Pet. Never, never, Sir, this is my Wedding-Suit; why how now, how now, Gentlemen, what d'ye stare at, d'ye take me for a Monster?

Wood. Faith in that Habit you might pass for one in the Fair.

Pet. O you talk merrily, my Taylor tells me it is the newest Fashion: But where's my *Peg*? I stay too long from her, the Morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tran. Why you won't Visit her thus?

Pet. Marry but I will.

Saun. And sea will *Saundy* tea, Sir.

Beau. But you will not Marry her so, will you?

Saun. A my Saul sal he, Sir.

Pet. To me she's Married, not to my Cloaths; will you along Father and Gentlemen? I'll to Church immediately, not tarry a Minute.

Saun.

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Saun. Here ye, Sir, ye sal Marry her after the Scotch Directory, then gin ye like her not, ye maw put her away, how say ye now? [*Exit. Pet. and Saun.*]

Tran. He has some meaning in this mad Attire, but you must perswade him to put on a better, e'er he goes to Church.

Beau. Let's after and see what will become of it. [*Exit.*]

Tran. Well, Sir, you find there's no other way, 'tis too short warning to get your Father up; should you steal the Match, who knows but both the old Fools would so deeply resent it to your Prejudice?

Win. Why prethee this way it will be Stolen, for 'tis but a Cheat, which will in a little time discover'd.

Tran. That's all one, it carries a better Face, and we shall have the more sport; besides e'er it comes out your Father may be wrought to like it, and confirm my Promises; She is suitable to you every way, and she is rich enough to do it, and Loves you well enough besides.

Win. Well if it must be so, let's contrive it handsomly

Tran. Let me alone, *Jamy* shall do the Business, he shall find out some Knight of the Post, that shall be old Sir *Lyonel Winlove* here, and make assurance of a greater Jointure than I propos'd; ne'er fear it, Sir, I'll so instruct him, it shall be carried without the least Suspicion.

Win. Ay but you know old *Beaufoy* knows my Father.

Tran. That's nothing, 'tis so many Years since he saw him, he will never distinguish him by his Face.

Win. This may be done, but notwithstanding all did not my Fellow-Teacher, that damn'd Lute-Master so nearly watch us, 'twould not be amiss to steal a Marriage, and that once perform'd, let all the World say no, I'll keep my own.

Tran. That we may think on too; this same Lute-Master I more then half suspect.

Win. And so do I.

Win. I have mist a Gentleman out of the Gang a good while, but let that pass, I have already sent *Jamy* to find a Man.

Enter Woodal.

To our Postures, here's Mr. *Woodal*, he must be Chous'd too among the rest; save you, Sir, came you from the Church?

Wood.

24 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Wood. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Tran. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Wood. A Bridegroom, why he's a Bridegroom for the Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend.

Tran. Why she's a Devil, an errant Devil; nay, the Devils Dam.

Wood. But she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Child to him: When the Priest askt if he would take *Margaret* for his Wife? I by Gogs wound's quoth he, and Swore so loud! that all amaz'd, the Priest lets fall the Book, and as the Sexton stoop'd to take it up, this mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a cuff, that down fell Sexton, Book and all; again; now take it up quoth he if any list.

Tran. What said the poor Bride to this?

Wood. Trembl'd and shook like an Aspen Leaf; after this, just as the Parson join'd their Hands, he call'd to his Roguy *Scotchman*, for a Glas of Muscadine, drank his Wives Health, and threw the Toast in the Clarks Face, because his Beard grew thin and hungry, then took the Bride about the Neck and gave her such a Smack the Church eccho'd again; the sight of this made me run away for Shame, I know they are following by this time; but hark, I hear the Fidlers. [*Musick.*

Enter Beaufoy, Petruchio, Margaret, Biancha, Geraldo, Sauny, &c.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends I thank you for your Pains, I know you think to dine with me to day, and have prepar'd great Store of Wedding-Chear, but so it is, grand Business calls me hence, and I take my leave.

Beau. Is't possible you will away to Night?

Pet. I must immediately, if you knew my Business you wou'd not wonder; well honest Gentlemen I thank you all, that have beheld me give away my self to this most Patient, Sweet and Virtuous Wife. Dine with my Father here, and drink my Health, for I must hence and so farewell to you all.

Saun. Wun's will ye nea eat your Wadden-Dunner, Sir?

Tran. Let us Intreat you to stay till after Dinner.

Pet. It must not be.

Marg. Let me Intreat you.

Pet. That will do much, I am content.

Marg.

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Marg. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shou'd Intreat me, but yet I will not stay intreat me how you can.

Marg. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. I cannot, *Sauny* the-Horſes.

Saun. They have nea eat their Wadden Dunner yet.

Pet. Sirrah get the Horſes.

Marg. Nay then do what thou canſt, I won't go to day, nor to morrow, nor till I pleaſe my ſelf. The Door is open, Sir, there lies your way, you may be jogging while your Boots be green.

Pet. O *Peg* content thee, prithee be not angry.

Marg. I will be angry, what haſt thou to do? Father be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Wood. I marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Marg. Gentlemen forward to the Bridal Dinner; I ſee a Woman may be made a Fool of, if ſhe want Spirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward *Peg* at thy Command; obey the Bride you that attend on her. Go to the Feaſt, Revel, Carouſe, and Dance, be Mad or Merry, or go Hang your ſelves; but for my *bonny Peg* ſhe muſt with me; nay look not big upon't, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret; come, come, gently, ſo, ſo, ſo, that's my good *Peg*, I will be Maſter of my own; ſhe is my own proper Goods and Chattels; my Houſe, my Ox, my Aſs, my any thing: Look here ſhe ſtands, touch her who dare, I'll make him ſmoak that offers to ſtop me in my way. *Sauny* unſheath thy Dudgeon Dagger, we are beſet with Thieves, reſcue thy Miſtreſs if thou beeſt a Man; fear not ſweet Wench I'll Buckler thee againſt a Million; nay, come.

Marg. Will none of you help me?

Saun. The Deel a bit of Dunner ye gat, Gud at ye would ſpeak to your Cuke to gi *Saundy* a little Mutton and Porridge to put in his Wallet.

[*Exeunt.* *Pet.* *Marg.* *Saun.*

Beau. Nay let 'em go, a couple of quiet ones.

Tran. Never was ſo mad a Match.

Beau. Well Gentlemen lets in, we have a Dinner, altho' we want a Bride and Bridegroom to it; *Biancha* you ſhall take your Siſters room, and Mr. *Winlove* you may praſtiſe for a Bridegroom. *Exeunt.*

E

Wood.

26 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Wood. Monsieur how do ye find my Mistress inclin'd?

Win. Me can no tell dat yet, but in time Monsieur me sal inform you.

Wood. Pray ply her close, here's something for you.

Exit. Woodal.

Win. Me tank you, Sir; ha, ha, ha, I must go tell this to my *Biancha*.

[*Exit.* Winlove.

Tran. Hark ye, Sir, you may inform me, pray what think you, does Madam *Biancha* fancy any other but my self, she bears me fair in hand, pray discover, Sir, I shall not be ungrateful?

Ger. Troth, Sir, I think she's as all other Women are.

Tran. How is that pray?

Ger. Why Fickle and Foolish.

Tran. Why d'ye think so of her, she was always held Discreet?

Ger. No sober Man will think so: I tell you, Sir, she cares neither for you, nor any Man, that's worth caring for; she's faln in Love with a Monsieur Jack-daw, a Fellow that teaches bad *French*, in worse *English*.

Tran. That Fellow, why 'tis impossible.

Ger. 'Tis true tho'.

Tran. Why I am confident he was employ'd by old *Woodal*, as his Instrument to Court her for him.

Ger. If he were, he has spoken one word for him and two for himself.

Enter Winlove leading Biancha.

See here they come hand in hand, stand close, perhaps your Eyes may coveince you.

Win. Madam, you need not doubt my Passion; by those fair Eyes I swear (an Oath inviolable) you have made a Conquest over me so absolute, that I must die your Captive.

Tran. What does he say, what does he say?

Ger. I cannot hear, listen.

Bian. I must believe you, Sir, there's some strange Power attends you Words, your attractive Actions, and your Person, which is too strong for my weak resistance; you have won, but do not boast your Victory.

Tran. Nay

Tran. Nay then I see 'tis so, I cannot hold! Madam you must forgive my Interruption, you have us'd me kindly, fool'd me with fine hopes, your Monsieur there has read Excellent Lessons to you.

Bian. Sir, I understand you not.

Ger. That is, you won't.

Win. What be de matter Monsieur Fiddeler?

Ger. No Fiddler, nor no Lutanist *Monsieur no Point*, but one that scorns to live in a disguise; for such a one as leaves a Gentleman, to doat upon a *Pardon a moy* Jack-pudding; know, I am a Gentleman, my name *Geraldo*.

Bian. Alas, Sir, and have you been my Master all this while and I never knew it?

Ger. Yes, sweet Lady, you did know it; I see you have a little Spice of *Pig* in you: But I have done with you; Mr. *Winlove*, pray tell me, don't you hate this Gentlewoman now?

Tran. I cannot say I hate her; but I'm sure I don't love her for this days Work, wou'd she Court me, I Swear I wou'd not have her.

Ger. Nor I, by Heavens: I have Sworn, and will keep my Oath.

Bian. Why Gentlemen, I hope you will not both give the Willow Garland.

Ger. Go, go, you are a scurvy Woman; I have a Widow that has Lov'd me as long as I have lov'd you. Sweet Lady, I am not Bankrupt for a Mistriss: 'Tis true, she's something of your Sisters Humour, a little *Way-ward*; but one three Days time at the *Taming-School*, will make her Vye with any Wife in *England*. And then I can pass by you unconcern'd.

Bian. The *Tamiug-School*, for Heavens sake where is that, Sir?

Ger. Why your Brother *Petruchio*'s House: I doubt you must there too, e'er you'll be good for any thing; I'll too him immediately. Farewel thou Vile Woman. [Exit.]

Bian. Ha, ha, ha, this is Excellent.

Tran. Madam, I beg your Pardon; but I hope my boldness with you, has done my Master some Service.

Win. Believe me has it *Tranio*, and I must thank thee.

Enter Jamy.

Now, Sirrah, whither away in such hast?

Jam. O Master, I have found him.

Win. What? Who hast thou found?

Jam. A rare old Sinner in the *Temple Cloysters*, will do the Feat to a hair.

Bian. What Feat? What's to be done?

Win. That which I told you of my Fairest:
Where is he?

Jam. Here, here he Walks in the Court.

Bian. Well, I must in, or I shall be mist;

Carry the Matter handsomly, and let me not suffer. *[Exit.]*

Win. Fear not Madam; call him in, *Tranio.*

You must Instruct him, I'll not be seen in't. *[Exit.]*

Enter Jamy and Snatchpenny.

Tran. Now Friend, what are you?

Snat. Any thing that you please, Sir.

Tran. Any thing; why what can you do?

Snat. Any thing, for so much as concerns *Swearing* and *Lying* to your Worships Service, and to get an *Honest Livelyhood*; So please you to imploy me.

Tran. Why thou may'st serve turn I think;
But I'll put thee to no *Swearing*, *bare Lying* and
Impudence will serve for my Occasion;
You must bate of the Price for that.

Snat. Faith, Sir, they'r both of a Price, take 'em or leave 'em.

Tran. But can'st thou manage and carry off a good well-con-
triv'd Lye, to the best advantage?

Snat. I should be very sorry else; it has been my Trade these
seven and thirty Years, never fear it, Sir.

Jam. Nay, I pickt him out among half a Score;
I fancy'd he had the best lying Face among 'em.

Tran. Well, come along with me, and I'll instruct you; but
if you fail, look to your Ears, if you have any.

Snat. Ill venture Neck and all to do it, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Sauny and Curtis severally. Petruchio's House.

Curt. Honest *Sauny*, wellcome, wellcome.

Saun. *Saundy's* Hungry ; can't you get a little Meat, Sir ?

Curt. Yes, yes, *Sauny*.

Saun. Ye mun gat a gude Fire, Sir ; Mrs. Bride has gat a faw intull a Dike, she's aw wet Sir ; gud she has not a dry thread to her Arse.

Curt. Is *Master* and *Mistress* coming *Sauny* ?

Saun. Gud are they, gin they be nea frozen to the grund, bo whare's your Fire man ?

Curt. 'Tis making, 'tis making, all things are ready ; Prithee what News good *Sauny*, what kind of Woman is our Mistriss ?

Saun. Ken ye twa and twenty Dee'ls Sir.

Curt. Mary Heaven defend us.

Saun. Gud she has ean twa and twenty Dee'ls I'se nea bate ye ean of 'em.

Curt. They say she's a cruel Shrew.

Saun. O my faul Sir, I'se hau'd a thousand pund, shee's set up her Tang, and Scaud fro *Edinbrough* to *London*, and nere draw bit for't.

Curt. What shall we do then, there will be no living for us ?

Saun. Gud will there not, Wun's I think the Deel has flead off her Skin, and put his Dam intul't ; Bo where's *Philip*, and *George* and *Gregory*.

Curt. They'r all ready, what ho, come forth here, *Philip*, *George*, *Joseph*, *Nick*, where are you ?

Enter four or five Serving Men.

Philip. Honest *Sauny*, wellcome home.

Saun. Geat me some Meat, and I'll believe ye Sir.

Geor. I am glad to see thee *Sauny*.

Saun. Gat me a Drink, and Is'e believe ye tea.

Josep. What, *Sauny* come to Town again, Wellcome ?

Saun. Wun's, Walcome, walcome, gat me gude Meat and Drink, that is Walcome, Sir.

Nick. Old Lusty Fellow *Sauny*, wellcome.

Saun. How d'ye *Wully* ?

Nick. D'ye hear the News, *Sauny* ? *Wally Wats* is Dead.

Saun. S'breed, nea Man that geas on twa Leggs cou'd flay *Wully Wats*, Sir.

Nick.

30 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Nick. True; for he was fairly hang'd.

Saun. I was sure nea Man that went on twa Legs could slay him.

Nick. You are in the right *Saun*y, for 'twas one with three Leggs, 'twas Mr. Tyburne, for he was fairly Hang'd.

Saun. S'breed ye lie, Sir, the Gallows might kill him, and break his stout Heart, but it cou'd nea hang him: 'Tis hang an *English Man*.

Nick. Well, but what kind of Woman is our Mistriss, *Saun*y?

Saun. You'l ken soon enough 'tea your Sorrow, and wea, Sir; Ye've awe twa Luggs a peece o'your Head: A my Saul I'se nea gea ye twa Pennys for them by'th Morn: How say ye now?

Enter Petruchio and Margaret.

Pet. Where be these idle Rogues? What no more at Door to hold my Stirrip, or take my Horses? Where's *Curtis, Philip, Nick* and *Gregory*?

All. Here, here, here, Sir.

Pet. Here, here, here, you Loggerheaded Currs; What, no Attendance, no Regard, no Duty? Where's that foolish Knave I sent before?

Saun. Wuns, Sir, I'se be sea hungry, and sea empty, ye may travel quite thro'me, and nere saw your Fingers, Sir.

Pet. You Mangy Rogue, did not I bid you meet me in the Park, and bring these Rascals with you?

Saun. Gud did ye, Sir; bo I'se sea hungry, I'se ha nea Memory, deliver your Messlage your sel, Sir.

Pet. Be gone you Slaves, and fetch my Supper in; Rogues do I speak, and don't you fly to make hast. [*Exit 2 or 3 Servants.*]
Sit down *Peg* and welcome. Why when I pray, nay good sweet *Peg* be merry, these are Country clownish Fellows; pri-
thee be Merry: Off with my Boots, Sirrah, you Rogues, ye Villains. When

S I N G S.

*It was the Orders of the Fryar Gray,
As forth he walked on his Way.*

Marg.

the Taming of the Shrew.

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Marg. Sure he will run himself out of Breath, and then it will be my turn.

Pet. Out you Rogue; you pluck my Boot awry; take that and mend it in pulling off the other. Be merry *Peg*. Some Water here, ho; where's my Spanniel, Sirrah? Make haste and desire my Cousin *Ferdinand* to come hither, one *Peg* you must kiss, and be acquainted with: Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some Water? Come, *Peg*, wash and welcome Heartily.

Saun. Wuns bo whare is the Meat to mack her welcome.

Marg. We shall fall out if we wash together.

Pet. You Whorson Villain will you let it fall?

Marg. Pray, Sir, be Patient, 'twas an unwilling Fault.

Table cover'd. Enter Servants with Meat.

Pet. An Idle, Careless, Beetle-headed-Slave.

Come *Peg*, sit down. I know you have a Stomach.

Will you give Thanks, sweet *Peg*, or shall I?

Or each for our selves? Come, fall too.

What's this, Mutton?

Saun. Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. Who bought it?

Cur. I did, Sir.

Pet. You Rascal you 'tis not Mutton, 'tis the Breast of a Dog; What Currs are these? 'tis dry'd and burn't to a Coal too, where is this Rascal Cook? How dare you bring such rotten Meat to my Table? Why d'ye mean to Poison me, ye ill manner'd Whelps, what d'ye grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Marg. Pray Husband be content, the Meat is good Meat; and I am very hungry, I must and will eat some of it.

Pet. Not for the World *Peg*, I love thee better then so; 'tis burnt and will engender Chollar, a Disease we are both too subject too; I love thee too well to give thee any thing to hurt thee, we'll fast to Night, to morrow we'll make it up.

Marg. Say what you will, Sir, I'll eat some of it; did you bring me hither to starve me?

Pet. Why ye Rascals will ye stand still and see your Mistress Poison her self? Take it away out of her sight, quickly.

[Throws the Meat at 'em, Sauny gets it.]

Saun.

32 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Saun. Gud *Saundy* will venture, Poison and 'twill.

Pet. Well *Peg*, this night we'll fast for Company; come I'll bring thee to the Bridal Chamber.

Marg. I must eat something I shall be Sick else; but an Egg.

Pet. No, no, prithee don't talk on't, to Bed upon a full Stomach.

Marg. But a crust of Bread.

Pet. To morrow, to morrow; come prithee away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cur. Didst ever see the like?

Geor. He kills her in her own Humour.

Phil. Have you said Grace *Sauny*?

Saun. Gud I was sea hungry, I forgot Grace. O thou that hast fill'd our Boyes and our Blathers, keep us aw from Whoredom and Secresie.

Nick. Secrecy, why *Sauny*?

Saun. Wuns, Man, it is Wutchcraft; peace you put me out with the Deel's name to ye: Keep us aw from Whoredom and Secresie, from the Dinger o'th the swatch to the Gallow Tree, keep us aw we beseech thee: Tak a Drink Man.

Phil. Are ye full now *Sauny*?

Saun. As fow as a Piper, ye may put ean Finger in at my Mouth, and another in mine Arse, and feel beath ends o'my Dunner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter as in a Bed Chamber, Petruchio, Margaret, and Servants, Sauny.

Pet. Where are you, you Rogues? Some Lights there, come *Peg* undress to bed, to bed.

Marg. Pray send your Men away, and call for some of your Maids.

Pet. Maids, hang Maids, I have no such Vermin about my House, any of these

The Taming of the Shrew. 33

these will do as well ; Here, *Sauny*, come hither, *Sirrah*, and undress your Mistress.

Saun. O! my Saul, Sir, I've put on my Head-piece ; now, an ye'll bind her hands behind her I've undressed her.

[*Goes to take up her Coats.*]

Pet. What dost thou do ?

Saun. In *Scotland* we aw ways begin at the nether end of a bonny Lafs.

Pet. Who made this Bed ? What Rascals are these ? Foh ! these Sheets are Musty as the Devil, and what Rags are here upon my Bed ? Is this a Counterpain ? 'tis a Dishclout.

Marg. Why the Counterpain is well enough, and Rich enough, and the Sheets are as Clean, and as Sweet as may be.

Pet. Fie, fie, *Peg*, thou hast got a Cold, and lost thy Smelling, I tell thee they are all Damp and Musty, I wou'd not have thee to venture to Lie in 'em for the World, it wou'd be thy Death ; here, take 'em away, we must ee'n sit up, there's no remedy.

Marg. Pray, Sir, talk not of sitting up, I am so sleepy I can't hold my Eyes open, I must to Bed.

Pet. I'll keep thee waking, I warrant thee ; Ho, *Curtis*, bring us a Flaggon of *March-Beer*, and some Tobacco, and clean Pipes, we'll be merry.

[*Exit Curtis.*]

Marg. Why, what d'ye mean, are you Mad ?

Pet. Mad ? I, what should we do ? I mean, thou and I, hand to fist, will drink a Health to my Father, and my Sister, and all our good Friends at *London*.

Enter Servant with Beer and Tobacco.

Marg. Why, you don't take me to be one of your fellow Tofs-pots ?

Pet. I mean to teach thee to Drink ; thou must learn that, or thou'rt no Wife for me : Here, *Peg*, to thee with all my Heart, a whole one, and thou art welcome ; My Father's good Health, *Peg*, you shall Pledge it.

Marg. I can't Drink without Eating ; 'twill make me sick.

Pet. Pish, pish, that's but a Fancy ; Come, off with it, or thou shalt neither Ear nor Drink this Month.

34 SAUNY the SCOT: or,

Marg. Shall I go to Bed when I have drank it?

Saun. Gud at ye gi *Sawndy* a little Drink, Madam.

Pet. Talk of that anon. [*She drinks.*]

So, here, *Peg*, here's a Pipe I have fill'd for thee my self,
Sit down, and Light it.

Marg. D'ye mean to make a meer Hackny Horfe of me?
What d'offer me your nasty Tobaceo for?

Pet. Nay, ne're make so shy, I know thou lov'st it: Come,
young Ladies are often troubled with the Tooth-ach, and
take it in their Chambers, though they won't appear Good-
Fellows amongst us: Take it, or no Sleep, nor Meat, *Peg*,
dye hear.

Marg. Yes, to my Grief; I won't be Abus'd thus. [*Weeps.*]

Pet. Nay, nay, Go where thou wilt I'll make thee Sinoak
before I sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Petruchio and Sauny.

Pet. **S**irrah, wait on your Mistrifs; Say what you will to
her, and Vex her, but do not touch her; and let her
have no Meat I charge ye.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, fend her into the Heelands in *Scotland*,
there's Hunger and Caud enough, there she may starve her
Bally foo.

Pet. Well, Sirrah, do as I direct you. [*Exit.*]

Saun. O' my Saul wull I Sir, Yee'll let me take my Head-
piece to defend me, Sir.

Enter Margaret.

Marg. What *Gregory*, *Philip*! No Body near me?
Sawny, Where are you?

Saun. I'f een hard at your Arse, Madam.

Marg. Where's your Master?

Saun.

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Saun. He's gone to the Market himself, and he'll bring ye heam a braw **Bul's Puzzle** to **Swaddle** your **Weam** with.

Marg. And in the mean time I am Famisht; Was ever Woman us'd so damnably? I am Starv'd for Meat, giddy for want of Sleep; and that which Spites me more than all the rest, is, he pretends 'tis out of Care and Love to me: Prithee, good *Sawny*, give me some Meat.

Saun. O' my Saul, *Sawndy* wou'd be hang'd gin I sud bestow an aw'd **Liquor'd Bute**, *Sawny* will cut it into **Tripes** to Stuff your **Weam** with.

Marg. Good *Sawny*, here's Money for thee, but one little bit of any thing to stay my fainting Spirits.

Saun. What, will ye eat a Bit of Beef?

Marg. I, good *Sawny*.

Saun. Will ye eat some Mustard to't?

Marg. I, good *Sawny*, quickly.

Saun. Mustard is nea gu'd for your Tang, 'twill make it tea keen, and ye can Scau'd fast enough without.

Marg. Why then the Beef without Mustard.

Saun. Gud Beef is nee gued without Mustard: *Sawny* will fetch ye some Meal and Water, ye'll make ye a Scotch Pudding, ye'll Eat of that tull your **Weam** crack.

Marg. You abusive Rogue take that, [Beats him.]
Must I be Brav'd thus by my own Servant.

Saun. The Dee'l wash your Face with a Fou Clout.

Enter Geraldo.

Geral. Why, how now, Sirrah, Will you strike your Mistress? You Cowardly Rogue, strike a Woman.

Saun. S'breed, Sir, D'ye caa a Scotchman Coward? Gin I fe had ye in *Scotland*, I fe put my Whinyard in your **Weam**, gin ye were as stout as *Gilderoy*.

Geral. Why *Gilderoy* was as arrant a Coward as thou art.

Saun. Wuns, yeed be lath to keep the Grund that *Gilderoy* quirs; yet, I must confess, he was a little shamefac'd before the Enemy.

Marg. O Mr. *Geraldo*, never was poor Woman so us'd. For Charity's sake convey me home to my Father.

36 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Enter Petruchio with a Dish of Meat.

Pet. Here, *Peg*, here's Meat for thee, I have Drest it my self, my Dear; *Geraldo* Welcome, this was kindly done to Visit *Peg* and Me; Come, *Peg*, fall too, here's an excellent piece of Veal.

Marg. Why 'tis a Pullet.

Pet. Why 'tis Veal; Art thou Mad?

Marg. You won't perswade me out of my Senses, 'Tis a Pullet.

Saum. A Gud is it, Sir.

Pet. What an unhappy Man am I, my poor dear *Peg's* Distracted. I always fear'd 'twould come to this. Take the Meat away, *Curtis*; Is the Room ready as I order'd? Are the Lights damn'd up?

Curtis. Yes, Sir.

Marg. Why what d'ye mean to do with me?

Pet. Poor *Peg*, I pity thee; but thou shalt want no help for thy Cure, you must be kept from the Light, it troubles the Brain.

Ger. I see I shall Learn, he's an excellent Teacher.

Marg. Why, Sir, pray tell me, Have you a mind to make me Mad? this is the way indeed: How have I injur'd you, that you use me thus inhumanely? Did you Marry me to starve me?

Saum. He means to bring down your Weam for a Race; for we awways cry, A Nag with a Weam, but a Mare with nean.

Pet. No, no, good *Peg*, thou know'st I have a care of thee; Here's a Gown just brought home for thee, *Peg*. Now thou art empty it will fit handsomely. Where is this Taylor? Call him in, *Sawny*, if it fits you, you shall put it on, and we'll Gallop o'er to *London*, and see your Father: Your Sisters Wedding is at hand, you must help her.

Enter Taylor with a Gown.

Marg. If she be Match'd as I am, Heaven help her! But there's some Comfort in going home; there's Meat and Sleeping-room.

Pet.

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Pet. Come, Taylor, lets see the Gown. How now, what's here? Bless me, what Masquing Suit is this! What's this a Sleeve? why 'tis like a Demy-Cannon, Why, what a Devil, Taylor, dost thou mean? Is this a Gown?

Tay. A Gown, Sir? yes, Sir, and a handsome Gown as any Man in *London* can make, 'tis the newest Fashion lately come out of *France*.

Pet. What a lying Knave art thou! my Great-Grand-Mother's Picture in the Matted-Gallery is just such another.

Saum. It is like the Picture of Queen *Margaret* in *Edenbrough*-Castle, Sir.

Marg. I never saw a better Fashion'd Gown in my Life; more modish, nor better shap'd, I like the Gown, and I'll have this Gown or I'll have none; say what you will I like it, 'tis a handsome Gown.

Pet. Why thou say'st true, *Peg*, 'tis an ugly paltry Gown, I am glad to hear thee of my Mind; 'tis a beastly Gown.

Marg. Why I say 'tis a good Gown, a handsome fashionable Gown; What d'ye mean to make a Puppet of me?

Pet. Ay, this Fellow would make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your Worship means to make a Puppet of her.

Pet. Thou impudent, lying, Threed, Bodkin and Thimble, Flea, thou Nit, brave me in my own House? Go, take it, I'll ha none on't.

Tay. Sir, I made it according to your Directions, and I cannot take it again.

Saum. Tak it awaw, or the Deel O my Luggs, but yest tak my Whineyard.

Marg. He shall not take it agen, what need you trouble your self about it, as long as it pleases me; lay it down there.

Pet. Sirrah take it away, I say, we shall find more Taylors; I won't have my Wife so Antickly Drest, that the Boys shou'd hoot at her.

Marg. Come, come, all this is but fooling, you don't understand what belongs to a Gown, say what you will I'm resolv'd to have it; if it were an ugly one I would wear it, and it were but to Cross you.

Saum. Now the Deel's a cruppen untel her Mouth, Sir, you may see a little of his Tail hang out, it looks for aw the world an it were a Sting, Sir.

Pet.

38 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Pet. Why that's my good *Peg*, I know thou dost not care for it; say no more, prithee, thou shalt have another.

Marg. I know not what you mean to do with me, but methinks I might have leave to speak, and speak I will, I am no Child, no Baby; your Betters have endur'd me to speak my Mind, and if you cannot, you had best stop your Ears; 'tis better set my Tongue at liberty, than let my Heart break.

Pet. Speak, *Peg*, by all means, say what thou wilt; Sirrah, carry that tawdry thing away. *Geraldo*, tell him you'll see him paid, [*Aside.*] and bid him leave it. Come, what say'st thou, *Peg*?

Ger. Leave the Gown in the next Room, Taylor, and take no notice of what he says, I'll see you paid for't. [*Aside.*] *Exit.*

Marg. Why I say I will have that Gown, and every thing I have a mind for; I did not bring you such a Portion to be made a Fool of.

Pet. Very true, thou'rt in the right, *Peg*; come, let's to Horse, these Cloaths will serve turn at present till we can get better. Go, Sirrah, lead the Horses to the Lands-end, thither we'll walk a foot; let's see, I think 'tis about Seven a Clock, we shall reach to my Father-in-Laws by Dinner-time with Ease.

Marg. 'Tis almost Two, you cannot get thither by Supper-time.

Pet. It shall be Seven ere I go, why what a Mischief's this, what I say or do, you are still crossing it; Let the Horses alone, I will not go to day, and ere I do, it shall be what a Clock I please.

Marg. Nay, Sir, that shan't stop our Journey, 'tis Seven, or Two, or Nine, or what a Clock you please, pray let's go.

Saun. Ye's have it what Hour you wull, Sir.

Pet. Very well it is so, get ready quickly; Come, *Geraldo*, let's all go, we shall help mend the Mirth at my Sister's Wedding.

Ger. I'll wait on you.

Pet. Come, *Peg*, get on your things.

Marg. Let me but once see *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* agen, and Yet thou shalt not Tame me.

Enter

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Enter Tranio and Snatchpenny.

Tran. Now, Sirrah, be but impudent enough and keep state like the old Knight, and thou art made for ever.

Snatch. I warrant ye, Sir, I know it to a Hair, my Lord *Beaufoy* and I were School-fellows together at *Worster*; my Estate lies in the Vale of *Evesham*, Three thousand Pounds a Year, and Fifteen hundred a Year I settle upon you upon the Marriage: Let me alone, I am Sir *Lyonel* himself.

Tran. Right, right; Excellent brave! How now?

Enter Jamy.

Jam. To your Postures old Sinner, be an exquisite Rascal, and then thou shalt be a Rogue Paramount; thou shalt lay the Dragon asleep, while my Master steals the Pippins.

Tran. Well, *Jamy*, What hast thou done?

Jam. I have been with my Lord *Beaufoy*, presented your Father's and your Service to him, and told him the old Knight was happily come to Town, and hearing of your Love to *Biancha*, was so overjoy'd, he would Settle all upon you.

Tran. Well, and what said he?

Jam. He gave me a Guinea for my News, I told him Sir *Lyonel* desired his Company just now to treat upon the Match; he's coming in all haste, he longs to be Couzen'd, and *Snatchpenny* if thou dost not do it.

Snatch. Then hang me.

Jam. Mum, look to't he's here.

Enter Beaufoy and Winlove.

Beau. Mr. *Winlove*, your Man tells me your Father is just happily come to Town. Where is he?

Tran. Here, Sir, this is my Father; Time has been too bold to wear ye out of each others Memory.

Snatch. Is this my Lord *Beaufoy*, Sir?

Tran. Yes, Sir.

Snatch. My Lord your humble Servant; I'm happy at last to meet a Person I have formerly so much lov'd.

Beau. Noble Sir *Lyonel*, I joy to see you.

Snatch. O the merry Days that you and I have seen, my Lord; Well fare the good old Times I say.

Beau.

40 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Beau. Ay, Sir *Lyonel*, when you and I were acquainted first.

Snatch. Ay marry, there were Golden Days indeed, no Cozening, no Cheating, the World is alter'd.

Beau. But we will remember these Times and be honest still.

Snatch. That's een the best way, there's hopes we may have honest Grand-children too, if all be true as I hear, my Son tells me, your Daughter has made a Captive of him.

Beau. I wou'd she were better for his sake, she's a good Girl, and a handsome one, though I say it; if she were not, I wou'd give her somewhat shou'd make her so.

Tran. It takes rarely.

Snatch. I'm even overjoy'd that you think my Son worthy your Alliance, I'll give something they shall make a shift to live on; in plain, and in brief, if you'll approve of it, I'll settle Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year upon him at present, which shall be her Jointure; after my Death, all I have, with a good will. What say you, my Lord?

Beau. Sir *Lyonel* your Freedom pleases me; I see you are an honest meaning Gentleman: The Young Folks (if I am not mistaken) like one another. Well, I say no more, it is a Match.

Tran. You bind me to you ever: Now I may boldly say, I am truly happy: Where will you please to have the business made up?

Beau. Not in my House, Son; I wou'd have it private; Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants; besides, Old *Woodall* will be hindring of us: He's hearkening still, and will be interrupting.

Tran. Then at my Lodging; there my Father lies, and there the Business may be all dispatch'd: Send for your Daughter by this Gentleman; my Boy shall fetch a Scrivener presently. The worst on't is, 'tis too small a Warning. You are like to have but slender Entertainment.

Beau. No matter, no matter; I shall like it.

Snatch. I wou'd feign see your Daughter, my Lord; I have heard great Commendations of her.

Beau. That you shall presently; *Monsieur*, pray go to *Biancha*, and tell her from me, she must come hither with you

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you immediately ; you may tell her too, if you will, what has happen'd, and that she must prepare to be Mr. *Winlove's* Bride.

Win. My Lord, me vil fetch her present.

Tran. My Lord, Will your Lordship please to walk in with my Father, this is my Lodging.

Beau. Ay, Sir ; Come, Sir *Lyonel*, I'll follow you.

Snat. Good, my Lord, I will wait upon you.

[*Exit Beaufoy, Snat. Tran.*

Win. Thus far 'tis well carry'd on, *Jamy* : But how shall we prosecute it ?

Jam. Why there is but one way in the World, Sir.

Win. And what's that ?

Jam. Why thus : I have got a Parson ready for the purpose ; when you have got *Biancha* abroad, whip her into *Covent-Garden* Church, and there Marry her, and your Work's done.

Win. Troth thou say'st true ; But is the Parson Orthodox and Canonical ? I wou'd not have an *Obadiab* to make us enter into Covenant of Matrimony.

Jam. Trust me, Sir, he's as true as Steel ; he says all Matrimony without Book ; he can Christen, Wed, and Bury Blindfold.

Win. Well, I'll take thy Counsel, if I can perswade her to't, as I hope I shall, for I know she Loves me ; fair Luck betides me. But who comes here.

Enter Woodall.

Jam. 'Tis the Old Grub *Woodall* ; What shall we do with him ?

Win. We must contrive some way to get him off.

Wood. I don't like those shuffling matters ; I doubt there's some false Play towards me in hand. Here's my *Monsieur*, he may inform me — *Monsieur*.

Win. Che dict a vouz, *Monsieur*. *Monsieur*, your Servant.

Wood. *Monsieur*, prithee tell me, if thou canst, how Affairs go, things are carry'd very closely : How stands my Mistriss affected ?

42 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Win. Moy foy, Monsieur; me tell you de bad News in the Varle, Mademoiselle *Biancha* no stand Affected to you at all. My Lord has sent me to fetch her just now to be Marry to Monsieur vat you call? Monsierr *Le* —

Wood. What, not to *Winlove*!

Win. Yes, to Monsieur *Winlove*: Begar me be very sorry, but me canno help dat.

Wood. Is Old *Beaufoy* Mad to Match her to him without his Father's Privity.

Win. Here be de ver Fine Old Man new come to Town, me Lord be wid him now.

Wood. Upon my Life, Old Sir *Lyonel*! nay, then she's lost quite. Hark you, Monsieur, yet 'tis in your power to make me a happy Man.

Win. O Monsieur me be your humble Servant.

Wood. Why look you, you are to fetch her; here's Forty Guineas to buy you a pair of Gloves; let me take her from you, as you are carrying her thither: I will have two or three with me, and you may safely say she was forc'd from you.

Win. Monsieur, Begar me do you all de Service in the Varle, but me sal be the grand Sheat Knave then.

Wood. That's nothing, here's more Money, I'll save you harmless: Come, you shall do it.

Win. Monsieur, me have no mind to be van Knave, but to do you Service, if you vill meet me upon de Street.

Wood. Fear not, I'll secure you, honest Monsieur, farewell; I'll be your Friend for ever. [Exit.

Win. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: What an Afs this Fellow will make himself, do what we can? Here, *Jamy*, thou shalt share with me.

Jam. Thank you, Sir; Would we had such a Wind-fall every day: But come, Sir, you must make haste, this is the Critical Minute; if you miss it you lose *Biancha*.

Win. Thy Counsel's good, away; I'll buy a Ring, and pay the Priest with some of *Woodall's* Money, Ha, ha, ha.

[Exeunt.

Enter

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Enter Petruchio, Margaret, Geraldo and Sawny.

Pet. Walk your Horses down the Hill before; we shall reach *London* time enough, 'tis a fair Night; how bright and goodly the Moon shines!

Marg. The Moon! the Sun, 'tis not the Moon-light now.

Pet. I say 'tis the Moon that shines so bright.

Marg. I say 'tis the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's Son, and that's my self, it shall be the Moon-light, or what I please, before you set sight of your Father's House; Sirrah, go fetch the Horses back! evermore Crost, and Crost, and nothing but Crost?

Ger. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Marg. Forward I pray, Sir, since we are come so far; and be it Sun or Moon, or what you please; nay, if you call it a Rush-Candle, henceforward it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say 'tis the Moon.

Saun. S'breed, but I say nay, Sir, Out, out, a Lies.

Marg. I know 'tis the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you Lie, 'tis the Blessed Sun.

Marg. Why, Heavens be blest for it, 'tis e'en what you have a mind to. Pray let us forward.

Ger. *Petruchio* go thy ways, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, now the Bowl runs with a right Byas: but soft, here's Company.

Enter Sir Lyonel, Winlove, and Boy.

Sir Lyo. Boy, bid the Coachman drive gently down the Hill: I wonder I meet nor overtake no Passengers to Day. Stay, I think here be some.

Pet. I will have one Bout more with thee, *Peg*. Good-morrow, Gentle Lady; Which way Travel you? Come hither *Peg*; Didst thou ever behold so Exquisite a Beauty as this Fair Virgin bears about. Go to her, *Peg*, and Salute her.

Marg. Are you Mad, 'tis an Old Man.

Pet. Beat back agen then, still Cross? Will you do it?

Saun. Why, i'th Deel's Name, What mean ye? It's nea bonny Lafs, Sir; S'breed, it's an aw faw These.

G 2 *Ger.*

44 SAUNY *the* SCOT: or,

Ger. He'll make this Old Man Mad.

Marg. You Budding Virgin, so fair, so sweet, so fresh, which way Travel you? How happy shou'd we be in the Enjoyment of so fair a Fellow-Traveller.

Saum. The Dee'l has built a Bird's-Nest in your Head; Gud ye're as Mad as he; and he as Mad as gin he were the Son of a March Hare, Sir.

Sir Lyon. Why, what do you mean, Gentlewoman?

Pet. Why now, now, *Peg*, I hope thou are not Mad: A Virgin Quotha buttis an Old wrinkled wither'd Man.

Marg. Reverend Sir, pardon my mistaking Eyes that have been so dazled with the Moon, (Sun I mean) I cou'd not distinguish you; I now perceive you are a Grave Old Man, pray excuse me.

Sir Lyon. Indeed you are a merry Lady; your Encounter has amaz'd me. But I like such chearful Company; I am for *London* to see a Son of mine, that went lately from me thither.

Pet. We shall be glad of your Company; you must pardon my Wife's Error, she has not slept well to Night; and I cou'd not perswade her, but she wou'd come out Fasting, which makes her Fancy a little extravagaut.

Saum. The Dee'l O' my Saul, but you are a false Trundle Tail Tike, the Dee'l a bit he'd let her eat these three Days, Sir.

Marg. Curse upon your Excuse, and the Cause on't; I cou'd have eaten my Shooe Souls, if I might have had 'em Fry'd.

Pet. Your Name, I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Lyo. I am call'd *Sir Lyonel Winlove* in the Country.

Pet. Father to young Mr. *Winlove*?

Sir Lyo. The same, Sir.

Pet. Then I am happy indeed to have met you; I can tell you some News, perhaps, may not be unwelcome to you. Your Son is in a fair probability of calling me Brother, within these Two Days.

Sir Lyo. How so? I pray Sir.

Pet. Why he's upon Marrying my Wife's Sister, my Lord *Beaufoy's* youngest Daughter. A brave Match, I can assure you, and a sweet Bedfellow.

Saum.

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Saun. Gud she's tea gued for any Man but *Saundy*; Gud Gin poor *Saundy* had her in *Scotland*, Wun's I'd sea Swinge her about.

Sir Lyo. You amaze me! Is this true? or have you a mind, like a pleasant Traveller, to break a Jest on the Company you overtake?

Ger. Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis very true; 'twas so design'd; but I don't think he'll Marry her, he's Forsworn if he do.

Sir Lyo. You make me wonder more and more.

Pet. Mind him not, he's a Party concern'd, 'tis true.

Sir Lyo. Pray, Gentlemen, let's make haste, I must look after this Business, it sounds strangely, he would not do't without my Consent, he is my only Son, my Heir, the Prop of my Family, I must be careful.

Pet. I see you are Jealous, Sir; but you need not, he cannot have a better Match.

Sir Lyo. I doubt it not, if all be fair; I should be glad of my Lord *Beaufoy's* Alliance, he was my School-fellow; but Time, I doubt, has worn out our Old Acquaintance: Gentlemen, I must hasten to prevent the worst.

Saun. What mean ye, Sir? Yea will nea bawk the bonna Lad, and tak fro his Mattle, Sir.

Ger. Well, *Petruchio*, thou hast put me in a heat, have at my Widow now. [Exeunt.]

Enter Winlove, Biancha, Jamy.

Win. How good you are, my Fair One: *Jamy*, Art sure the Priest is ready for us?

Jam. I warrant you, Sir; Pray make haste, some Devil or other may come else and cross it. Don't stay Thrumming of Caps; Here, Body o' me away, here's *Woodall*, shift for your selves, all will be spoil'd else. [Exit Win. and Bian.]

Enter Woodall with three or four Fellows.

Wood. Be sure you seize on her, and clap her into a Chair, and one stop her Mouth: Fear not, I'll save you harmless.

1st Fellow. I warrant you, Sir.

Wood.

46 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Wood. What a Devil makes this Rogue Poaching here?

Jam. Tum, te Dum, te Dum; Sing *Old Cole of London*. [*Sings.*

Wood. Now, *Jamy*, what walk you here for?

Jam. Why, to look about me: Te Dum, te Dum, &c.

Wood. They say your Master is to be Marry'd to Madam *Biancha* to day.

Jam. Why, then we'll be merry at Night: Te Dum, te Dum, &c.

Wood. The Rogue won't be gone: What, hast no Business? Thou look'st as if thou hadst not Drank to Day; there's something for thee, go get thy Morning's Draught.

Jam. I thank your Worship: Will you take part of a Pot of Ale and a Toast.

Wood. No, Sirrah, I drank Coffee this Morning. [*Ex. Jamy.* So, he's gone: I wonder Monsieur appears not with *Biancha*.

Enter Petruchio, Margaret, Sir Lyonel, Geraldo, and Sauny, with Attendants.

Wood. Ha, Who comes there?

Ger. Now you are there I'll take my leave, your Servant. [*Ex.*

Pet. Sir *Lyonel*, you are welcome to Town; There's your Son's Lodgings; my Father Lives on the other side; thither we must, and therefore here I take my Leave.

Sir Lyo. Pray stay a little, may be he's not within; if so, I'll wait upon you to the Lord *Beaufoy*.

Saum. O my Saul, nea ean cou'd have Beg'd [*Knocks.* Dunner better than this awd Thief has done.

Wood. They are all busy within, Sir, you must Knock Louder if you mean to be heard. [*Snatchpeny Above.*

Snatch. Who is that Knocks as if he would beat down the Gate.

Sir Lyo. Is Mr. *Winlove* within?

Snatch. He is within, but not to be spoken with.

Sir Lyo. What if a Man bring him a Hundred Pounds or Two, to make Merry withal.

Snatch. Keep your Hundred Pounds for your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, Sir, your Son was well-belov'd in *London*. D'ye hear, Sir, leaving your frivolous Circumstances,

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stances, pray tell him his Father's just now come out of the Country to see him, and is here at the Door to speak with him.

Snatch. That is a Lye, Sir; his Father came to Town yesterday, and is now here looking out at Window.

Sir Lyo. The Devil he is; Are you his Father?

Snatch. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Saun. Can they Hang him for having twa Fathers, Sir? Gud and 'twas sea, poor *Sawndy* wou'd be hang'd sure enough.

Pet. Why, Haft thou Two Fathers?

Saun. Gud have I, and Twa, and Twa to that, Sir.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentlemen, this is flat Knavery, to take another Man's Name upon you.

Snatch. Lay hands upon this Villain, I believe he means to Cheat somebody here, under my Counter-Name.

Enter Jamy.

Jam. I have seen the Church on their Back, send them Good Speeding. Ha, how now, my Old Master *Sir Lyonel*? S'foot, we are all lost, undone; I must brazen it out.

Sir Lyo. Come hither, Crack-Hemp.

Jam. You may save me that Labour, and come to me, if you have any thing to say to me.

Sir Lyo. Come hither, you Rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Jam. Forgot you, Sir? I could not forget you; for I never saw you in all my Life before.

Sir Lyo. You notorious Villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father, *Sir Lyonel Winlove*?

Jam. What, my Worshipful Old Master? Yes, marry Sir: See where his Worship looks out of the Window.

Sir Lyo. Does he so, Sir? I'll make you find him below Stairs. *[Beats him.]*

Jam. Help, help, here's a Mad-man will Murder me.

Saun. Dea caw your sel, *Jamy*? And wull ye be Beten by an aw saw Theefe? An yea caw your sel, *Jamy*, eance inear, I se bang ye tea Clootes, breed a Gud will I, Sir.

Snatch. Help, Son, help, Brother *Beaufoy*, *Jamy* will be kill'd.

Pet. Prithce, *Peg*, stand by to see this Controversy.

Enter

48 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Enter Snatchpeny with Servants, Beaufoy and Tranio.

Tran. Sheart 'tis Sir *Lyonel*; but we must bear it a little time: Sir, what are you that offer to Beat my Servant?

Sir Lyo. What am I, Sir? Nay, What are you, Sir? O Heaven, what do I see! O fine Villains, I'm undone while I play the good Husband at home in the Country, my Son, and my Servants spend my Estate Lavishly at *London*.

Saun. Your Son sal allow you Siller to keep an Awd Wutch to rub your Shins: And what to anger wou'd ye ha meer, Sir.

Tran. How now, What's the matter?

Beau. Is the Man Frantick?

Tran. Sir, You seem a sober Ancient Gentleman by your Habit; but your Words shew you a Mad-man. Why, Sir, what concerns it you what Rich Cloaths I wear? I thank my good Father I am able to maintain it.

Sir Lyo. Thy Father! O Villain! he's a Hemp-dresser in *Partha*.

Saun. Mara the Deel stuff his Wem fow a Hemp, and his Dam Spin it out at his Arse.

Beau. You mistake, you mistake; What d'ye think his Name is?

Sir Lyo. His Name; as if I knew not his Name: I have Bred him up e'er since he was Three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio*.

Snatch. Away, away, mad Afs, his Name is *Winlove*, my only Son, and Heir to all my Estate in the Vale of *Evesham*.

Sir Lyo. Heavens! He has murther'd his Master; lay hold of him, I charge you in the King's Name, O my Son, tell me, thou Villain, Where is my Son *Winlove*.

Tran. Run for an Officer to carry this mad Knave to the Jayl: Lay hold on him, I charge ye, and see him forthcoming.

Saun. Awa, awa with the Hamp-dresser, Sir.

Sir Lyo. Carry me to the Jayl, ye Villains!

Pet. Hold Gentlemen: your Blessing, Father.

Beau. Son *Petruchio*, Welcome. You have it, and you,

Peg: How d'ye? Know ye any thing of this matter?

Pet.

Pet. My Lord take heed what you do; so much I know, I dare Swear this is Sir *Lyonel Winlove*, and that a Counterfeit.

Saun. Wuns, I think sea tea, gud an ye please. I'll take the Covenant on't.

Wood. So durst I Swear too almost.

Snatch. Swear if thou durst.

Wood. Sir, I dare not Swear Point Blank.

Tran. You had best Swear I am not *Winlove* neither.

Wood. Yes, I know you to be Mr. *Winlove*.

Beau. Away with the Dotard, to the Jayl with him.

Sir Lyon. Are you all settled to do Mischief to me? Why, my Lord *Beaufoy*, methinks you might know me.

Tran. Away with him to my Lodgings for the present, 'till we can get a Constable to charge him upon, we shall have a hubbub in the Streets; drag him I say.

Sir Lyo. Rogues, Villains, Murderers! I shall have Justice. *[Exit with Sir Lyonel.]*

Wood. These are strange Passages, I know not what to think of 'em; but I am glad *Biancha* came not when they were here, sure my Monsieur will not fail me.

Enter Winlove and Biancha.

Win. Now, my *Biancha*, I am truly happy, our Loves shall like the Spring be ever growing.

Bian. But how shall we escape my Father's Anger.

Win. Fear not, I'll warrant thee.

Wood. O here's *Biancha*, how now Monsieur, brave! What fancy's this?

Win. O Monsieur te vous la Menes; How d'ye do, good Mr. *Woodall*? how d'ye like my new Bride?

Wood. How, how, how, Sir, your Bride? Seize on her quickly.

Win. Hands off, she's my Wife, touch her who dares; Will you have your Teeth pickt? What d'ye think of giving twenty Guinies to teach your Mistriss *French*.

Wood. O Rogue, I'll have thee hang'd.

Win. Or forty Guineas to buy a pair of Gloves, to let you steal Madam *Biancha*: This Ring was bought with some of it; ha, ha, ha.

H

Wood.

50 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Wood. Down with him, down with him, a damn'd Rascal.

Win. Ay, do, Which of you has a mind to breathe a Vein?

2 Fell. Nay, if she be his Wife we dare not touch her.

Wood. I'll fetch somebody that shall, O Devil! *[Exit.]*

Win. Ay do, I am your poor Monsieur; ha, ha, ha. Fear not, *Biancha*, he'll fetch 'em all, I know! I warrant thee we shall appease thy Father easily.

Bian. Trust me, Sir, I fear the Storm.

Enter. Beaufoy, Tranio, Petruchio, Margaret, Sauny, Snatchpeny, Jany, Sir Lyonel, Woodall, and Attendants.

Wood. That Rogue, that damn'd Counterfeit Frenchman has stoln your Daughter, and Married her; here they are.

Win. Bless me, What do I see yonder? my Father, in earnest! Dear Sir, your Blessing and your Pardon.

Sir Lyo. My Dear Son, Art thou alive? then take it.

Bian. I must beg your Pardon too, Sir.

Win. And I, most Honoured Father.

Beau. Why what's the matter? What hast thou done? *Woodall* tells me thou hast Married the Frenchman.

Win. Me she has Married, but no Frenchman. The right *VVinlove*, Son to the right *VVinlove*, is her Husband, and your Son-in-Law.

Saum. S'breed, Sir, ye act twa parts, ye were but a Hampdreser in the last Act, Sir.

Snatch. 'Tis time for us to be going, I feel one Ear going off already. *[Exit.]*

Beau. You amaze me; Are not you the Frenchman Mr. *VWoodall* prefer'd to teach my Daughter?

Bian. No, my Lord, he put on that Disguise to Court me, he is the true *VVinlove*.

Sir Lyo. Marry is he my Son, Sir.

VWin. Those were but Counterfeits of my making.

Wood. Here's Patching with a Mistress; I'm sure I'm gull'd.

Beau. But d'ye hear, Sir; Have you Married my Daughter without my Consent?

Sir Lyo. Come, my Lord, now you must know me; I will beg both their Pardons, and secure her a Jointure worthy her Birth and Fortune. *VWin.*

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VVin. You are a Father now indeed.

Beau. Sir *Lyonel* excuse my rashness, I accept your noble Proffer. You are forgiven.

Saum. S'breed, Sir, we sal ne'er go to Dunner, Sir, the Deel forgat and forgive you aw, Sir.

Sir Lyo. But where is that Rogue that wou'd have sent me to Jayl? Ill slit his Nose for him.

Win. I must beg his Pardon, for he did all for my sake.

Sir Lyo. Well, Sir, for your sake I pardon him.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen, all to my House, we shall there end all our Doubts, and drown our Fears.

VWood. Sir, I shall expect my Money back again, 'tis enough to lose my Mistriß.

VVin. No, Faith, 'tis in better hands already, you'll but fool it away, you'll be hiring *Frenchmen* agen.

VWood. Well, mock on, I'll in and eat out part of it.

Beau. Come, Gentlemen.

Marg. Husband, will you not go with my Father?

Pet. First kisse me, *Peg*, and I will.

Marg. What, in the middle of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou aham'd of me?

Marg. Not so, Sir, but aham'd to kisse so openly.

Pet. Why then let's home again, *Sauny* lead the way.

Saum. Gud the Deel a bit will *Saundy* budge before Dunner, Sir.

Marg. Nay, I will give thee a Kisse, nay, pray now stay.

Pet. So, is not this well? come, my sweet *Peg*.

Bian. Sister, I hope we shall be Friends now.

Marg. I was never Foes with you.

VVin. Come, Fairest, all the Storms are over-blown;

Love hath both Wit and Fortune of her own.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Winlove, Sauny.

ACT 2.
Pet. Well, Brother *Winlove*, now we are truly happy.
Bian. Thou Child; I am still as I was, I'll speak louder.
Marg. Sister, our Husbands are both here.
 never were Men so blest with two such Wives.

52 SAUNY the SCOT. or,

ACT V.

Enter Margaret and Biancha.

Bian. **B**Ut is't possible, Sister, he shou'd have us'd you thus?
Marg. Had I serv'd him as bad as *Eve* did *Adam*, he cou'd not have us'd me worse; but I am resolv'd now I'm got home again I'll be reveng'd; I'll muster up the Spight of all the Curs'd Women since *Noah's Flood* to do him Mischiefe, and add new Vigour to my Tongue: I have not par'd my Nails this Fortnight, they are long enough to do him some execution, that's my Comfort.

Bian. Bless me, Sister, how you talk.

Marg. Thou art a Fool, *Biancha*, come Learn of me; thou art Married to a Man too, thou dost not know but thou may'st need my Counsell, and make good use on't: Thy Husband bares thee fair yet, but take heed of going home with him; for when once he has thee within his verge, 'tis odds he'll have his Freaks too; there's no trusting these Men: Thy Temper is soft and easy, thou must learn to break him, or he'll break thy Heart.

Bian. I must confess I shou'd be loath to be so us'd, but sure Mr. *Vvinlove* is of a better Disposition.

Marg. Trust him and hang him, they're all alike: Come, thou shalt be my Scholar, learn to Frown, and cry out for Unkindness, but brave Anger, thou hast a Tongue, make use on't; Scold, Fight, Scratch, Bite, any thing, still take Exceptions at all he does, if there be Cause or not; if there be reason for't he'll Laugh at thee. I'll make *Petruchio* glad to wipe my Shoes, or walk my Horse, ere I have done with him.

Enter Petruchio, Winlove, Sauny.

Bian. Peace, Sister, our Husbands are both here.

Marg. Thou Child; I am glad on't, I'll speak louder.

Pet. Well, Brother *Vvinlove*, now we are truly happy, never were Men so blest with two such Wives.

Win.

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Win. I am glad to hear you say so, Sir, my own I'm sure I'm blest in.

Pet. Yours! why *Biancha's* a Lyon, and *Margaret* a meer Lamb to her: I tell thee, *Winlove*, there's no Man living, tho' I say't, (but 'tis no matter since she does not hear me) that has a Wife so gentle, so active and affable, poor thing, I durst be sworn she wou'd walk barefoot an hundred Miles to do me good.

Marg. No but she wou'd not, nor one Mile neither.

Saun. Now have at your Luggs, Sir.

Pet. O *Peg*, art thou there? How dost thou do, my Dear?

Marg. You may go look, What's that to you?

Saun. Stand o'yer Guard, Sir, Gud *Saundy* will put on his Head-piece.

Pet. I am glad to hear thee say thou'rt well, introth.

Marg. Never the better for you; which you shall find.

Pet. Nay, I know thou lov'st me: Prithee take up my Glove, *Peg*.

Marg. I take up your Glove; Marry come up, command your Servants: look you there it lies.

Pet. I am glad to see thee Merry, poor wanton Rogue.

Marg. 'Tis very well, you think you are in the Country, but you are mistaken, the Case is alter'd, I am at home now, and my own disposer: Go swagger at your greasy Lubber there, your Patient Wife will make you no more Sport; she has a Father will allow her Meat and Lodging, and another gaits Chamber-Maid than a Highlander.

Saun. Gud an ye were a top of *Grantham*-Steeple, that aw the Toon may hear what a Scauden Quean ye are; out, out.

Pet. Why what's the matter, *Peg*? I never saw thee in so jolly a Humour, sure thou hast been Drinking.

Saun. Gud has she, haud ye Tang, ye saw drunken Swine, out, out, out; was ye tak a Drink and ne'er tak *Saundy* to yee, out, out, out.

Marg. 'Tis like I have, I am the fitter to Talk to you, for no sober Woman is a Companion for you.

Pet. Troth thou say'st right; we are excellently Marcht.

Marg. Well, mark the end on't; *Petrachio* prithee come hither, I have something to say to you.

Saun.

54 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Saun. De ye nea budge a foot, Sir, Deel a my Saul bo' she'll scratch your eyn out.

Pet. Well, your Pleasure, Madam?

Marg. First, thou art a Pitiful Fellow, a thing beneath me, which I scorn and laugh at; Ha, ha, ha.

Win. She holds her own yet I see.

Marg. I know not what to call thee, thou art no Man, thou cou'dst not have a Woman to thy Mother, thou paltry, scurvy, ill-condition'd Fellow, dost thou not tremble to think how thou hast us'd me? What, are you silent, Sir? *Brancha* see, looks he not like a Disbanded Officer, with that hanging Dog Look there? I must eat nothing because your Cook has Roasted the Mutton dry, as you us'd to have it when your Worship was a Batchelor; I must not go to Bed neither, because the Sheets are damp.

Pet. Hark you, *Peg*, What a strange Woman are you to Discourse openly the Fault of your Servants in your own Family.

Marg. No, no, Sir, this wont serve your turn; your old stock of Impudence won't carry you off so: I'll speak your Fame, and tell what a fine Gentleman you are; how Valiantly you, and half a Dozen of your Men, got the better of a single Woman, and made her lose her Supper.

Saun. Gud she Lyes, Sir; I wou'd a gin her an awd Boot tull a made Tripes on, and it wou'd a bin bra Meat with Mustard, and she wou'd nea have it.

Marg. My Faults? No, good Squire of the Country, you thought to have Tam'd me, I warrant, in good time; why you see I am even with you: Your Quiet, Patient Wife, that will go no more in the Country with you, but will stay in Town, to Laugh at your Wise Worship, and wish you more Wit.

Pet. I shou'd Laugh at that; why we are just now a going; *Sauny* go get the Horses ready quickly.

Saun. Gud will I, Sir, I'll Saddle a Heeland-Wurch to carry your Bride; Gud she'll mount your Arse for you, Madam.

Marg. Sirrah, touch a Horse and I'll Curry your Coxcomb for you: No, Sir, I won't say, Pray let me not go; but

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but boldly, I won't go; you force me if you can or dare:
You see I am not Tongue-ty'd, as silent as you thought you
made me.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, Peace a little, I know thou canst speak,
leave now, or thou'lt have nothing to say to Morrow.

Marg. Yes, I'll say this over again, and something more,
if I can think on't, to a poor despised *Man of Clouts*: Sister,
how he smokes now he's off his own Dunghil.

Pet. Prithee, *Peg*, leave making a Noise; I faith thou'lt
make my Head ach.

Marg. Noise; why this is Silence to what I intend; I'll
talk louder than this every Night in my Sleep.

Saum. The Dee'l shall be your Bed-fellow for *Saundy* then.

Marg. I will learn to Rail at thee in all Languages;
Thunder shall be soft Musick to my Tongue.

Saum. The Dee'l a bit Scot's ye gat to brangle in, marry
the Dee'l gi' ye a Clap wi a *French* Thunder-bolt.

Pet. Very pretty; Prithee go on.

Marg. I'll have a Collection of all the Ill Names that ever
was invented, and call you over by 'em twice a Day.

Pet. And have the Catalogue publish'd for the Education
of young Scolds. I Proceed, *Peg*.

Marg. I'll have you Chain'd to a Stake at *Billingsgate*,
and Baited by the Fish-wives, while I stand to hiss 'em on.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha; Witty *Peg*, forward.

Marg. You shan't dare to Blow your Nose but when I bid
you; you shall know me to be the Master.

Saum. Wuns gat her to the Stool of Repentance, Sir.

Pet. Nay, I believe thou wilt go in Breeches shortly; On,
on; What, have you no more on't? Ha, ha, ha.

Marg. D'ye Laugh and be Hang'd? I'll spoil your Sport.
[Flies at him.]

Pet. Nay, *Peg*, Hands off; I thought you would not have
disgrac'd your Good Parts, to come to Blows so soon; Prithee
Chide on, thou canst not believe what Delight I take
to hear thee, it does become thee so well. What, Pump
dry already? Prithee talk more and longer, and faster, and
sharper, this is nothing.

Marg.

56 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Mary. I'll see you in the *Indies* before I'll do any thing to please you; D'ye like it?

Pet. Extreemly! On *Peg*, you'll cool too fast.

Marg. Why then, mark me, if it were to save thee from Drowning, or Breaking thy Neck, I won't speak one Word more to thee these Two Months. [*Sits Sullenly.*]

Saun. Ah Gud an ye do nea Lye, Madam.

Pet. Nay, good *Peg*, be not so hard-hearted. What, Melancholy all o'th' sudden? Come, get up, we'll send for the Fiddlers, and have a Dance: Thou'lt break thy Elbow with Leaning on that hard Table; *Sauny*, go get your Mistress a Cushion: Alas! I doubt she's not well; Look to her, Sister.

Bian. Are you not well, Sister? What ail you? Pray speak, Sister: Indeed, Brother, you have so Vext her she'll be Sick.

Pet. Alas, alas! I know what's the matter with her, she has the Tooth-Ach; see how she holds her Cheek: the Wind has gotten into her Teeth, by keeping her Mouth open this Cold Weather.

Bian. Indeed it may be so, Brother, she uses to be troubled with that Pain sometimes.

Pet. Without all Question; Poor *Peg*, I pity thee; Which Tooth is it? Wilt thou have it Drawn, *Peg*? The Tooth-Ach makes Fools of all the Physicians; there is no Cure but Drawing: What say'st thou? Wilt thou have it pull'd out? Well, thou shalt. *Sauny*, Run, Sirrah, hard by, you know where my Barber Lives that drew me a Tooth last Week, fetch him quickly; What d'ye stand staring at? Run and fetch him immediately, or I'll cut your Legs off.

Saun. Gud I'll fetch ean to pull her Head off an ye wull.

[*Exit.*]
Win. This will make her find her Tongue agen, or else for certain she has lost it.

Pet. Her Tongue, Brother: Alas! You see her Face is so swell'd she cannot speak.

Bian. You Jest, Brother; her Face is not swell'd. Pray let me see, Sister, I can't perceive it.

Pet. Not swell'd! Why, you are blind then; Prithee let her alone, you trouble her.

Enter

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Enter Sauny and Barber.

Here, honest Barber, have you brought your Instruments?

Barber. Yes, Sir, What must I do?

Pet. You must draw that Gentlewoman a Tooth there; Prithee do it neatly, and as gently as thou can'st: And, de hear me, take care you don't tear her Gums.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir.

Saum. Hear ye, Sir, Cou'd not ye mistake, and pull her Tang out instead of her Teeth.

Bian. I'll be gone, I can't endure to see her put to so much Pain. [*Exit.*]

Barb. Pray, Madam, open your Mouth, that I may see which Tooth it is. [*She strikes him.*]

Why, Sir, did you send for me to Abuse me.

Saum. Gud be nea Angry, ye ha ne aw yer Pay yet, Sir. Cud ye not mistake, and draw her Tang instead of her Teeth, Sir.

Pet. No, no: But it seems now she wo' not have it drawn. Go, there's something for your Pains however. [*Exit Barber.*]

Saum. Ye sid ha taken my Counsel, Sir.

Win. This will not do, Sir; you cannot raise the Spirit you have laid, with all your Arts.

Pet. I'll try; Have at her once more. *Winlove*, you must assist me; I'll make her Stir, if I can't make her Speak. Look, look! alas! How Pale she is! She's gone o'th' sudden; Body O' me, she's stiff too; undone, undone, What an unfortunate Man am I! she's gone! she's gone! never had Man so great a Loss as I: O *Winlove* pity me, my poor *Peg* is Dead. Dear *Winlove* call in my Father and the Company, that they may share in this sad Spectacle, and help my Sorrows with their joining Griefs. [*Exit Winlove.*]

Speak, or by this Hand I'll bury thee alive. *Saumy*, thou see'st in how sad a Condition thy poor Master is in, thy good Mistress is Dead, hast to the next Church and get the Beir and the Bearers hither, I'll have her buried out of hand: Run *Saumy*.

58 SAUNY the SCOT: or,

Saun. An you'll mack her Dead, we'll bury her deep enough, we'll put her down intill a Scotch Coal-pit, and she shall rise at the Deel's Arse o' Peak. *[Exit.]*

Pet. I will see that last Pious Act perform'd, and then betake myself to a willing Exile; my own Country's Hell, now my dear *Peg* has left it. — Not yet, upon my Life I think thou hast a mind to be buried quick; I hope thou hast.

Enter Winlove, Beaufoy, Sir Lyonel, Woodall, Biancha, Tranio, Jamy, &c.

Beau. Bless me, Son *Petruchio*, Is my dear Daughter dead?

Pet. Alas, alas, 'tis but too true; wou'd I had ta'ne her room.

Beau. Why, methinks she looks brisk, fresh, and lively.

Pet. So much Beauty as she had, must needs leave some wandring remains to hover still about her Face.

Beau. What could her Disease be?

Pet. Indeed I grieve to tell it, but truth must out, she died for spight, she was strangely Infected.

Bian. Fie, Sister, for shame speak; Will you let him abuse you thus?

Pet. Gentlemen, you are my loving Friends, and knew the Virtues of my matchless Wife, I hope you will accompany her Body to its long home.

All. We'll all wait on you.

Beau. Thou wilt break her Heart indeed.

Pet. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis tougher than fo.

Enter Sauny and Bearers with a Beir.

Saun. I bring you here vera gued Men, an she be nea Dead, Sir, for a Croon more they'll bury her quick.

Pet. O honest Friends, you're welcome, you must take up that Corps. How! hard-hearted, Why de ye not weep the loss of so much Beauty and Goodness? take her up, and lay her upon the Beir.

Bear. Why, what d'ye mean, Sir? She is not Dead.

Pet.

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Pet. Rogues, tell me such a Lye to my Face? Take her up or I'll swinge ye.

Saum. Tak her up, tak her up, we'll mak her Dead *Bills*, ye'st a twa Croons mear, tak her up Man,

i Bear. Dead or alive all's one to us, let us but have our Fees.

Pet. There, nay she is stiff, however on with her, Will you not speak yet? So here take these Strings and bind her on the Beir, she had an active stirring Body when she liv'd, she may chance fall off the Hearse now she's Dead: So, now take her up and away: Come, Gentlemen, you'll follow, I mean to carry her through the *Strand* as far as *St. James's*, People shall see what respect I bore her — She shall have so much Ceremony to attend her now she's Dead. There my Coach shall meet her and carry her into the Country; I'll have her laid in the Vault belonging to my Family, she shall have a Monument; some of you inquire me out a good Poet to write her Epitaph suitable to her Birth, Quality, and Conditions; pity the remembrance of so many Virtues shou'd be lost. March on, I wou'd say more, but Grief checks my Tongue.

Marg. Father, Sister, Husband, Are you all Mad? Will you expose me to open shame? Rogues fet me down you had best.

Pet. A Miracle! a Miracle! she Lives! Heaven make me thankful for't; fet her down: Liv'st thou, my poor *Peg*?

Marg. Yes that I do, and will to be your Tormentor.

Saum. Out, out, gea her nea Credit, gud she's as Dead as mine Grannum, tak her, away with her, Sir.

Pet. Bless me, my hopes are all vanish'd agen, 'tis a Demon speaks within her Body: Take her up again, we'll bury 'em together.

Marg. Hold, hold, my dear *Petruchio*, you have overcome me, and I beg your Pardon, henceforth I will not dare to think a Thought shall cross your Pleasure; fet me at Liberty, and on my Knees I'll make my Recantation.

All. Victoria, Victoria, the Field is won.

Pet. Art thou in earnest, *Peg*, May I believe thee?

60 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Saun. You ken very well she was awways a Lying Quean when she was Living, and wull ye believe her now she's Dead?

Marg. By all that's good, not Truth itself truer.

Pet. Then thus I free thee, and make thee Mistrifs both of myself and all I have.

Saun. S'breed bo ye'll nea gi *Sauny* tull her, Sir?

Wood. Take heed of giving away your Power, Sir.

Pet. I'll venture it, nor do I fear I shall repent my Bargain.

Marg. I'm sure I will not give you Cause; you've taught me now what 'tis to be a Wife, and I'll still shew myself your humble Handmaid.

Pet. My best *Peg*, we will change kindness, and be each others Servant: Gentlemen, why do you not Rejoyce with me?

Beau. I am so full of Joy I cannot speak, may you be happy, this is your Wedding-Day.

Saun. Shall *Saundy* get her a Bride-Cake, and brake o'er her Head, Sir? and wee's gatt us a good Wadding-Dunner.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Save ye all, Gentlemen: Have ye any room for more Guefs? I am come to make up the *Chorus*.

Pet. My Noble Friend, Welcome: Where have you been so long?

Ger. I have been about a little trivial Business; I am just now come from a Wedding.

Pet. What Wedding, I pray, Sir?

Ger. Troth e'en my own; I have ventur'd upon't at last: Madam, I hope you'll pardon me.

Bian. Yes, Sir, and so will this Gentleman.

Saun. Are not you a Gentleman Hampdreser?

Pet. 'Tis e'en so, this proves to be *Winlove* in earnest.

Ger. Good Gentlemen undo this Riddle; I'm all in the Dark.

Pet. You shall know anon, in the mean time believe it, Gentlemen. We want another Woman, or we might have a Dance.

c l

Ger.

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Ger. My Widow is within, she'll supply you.

Beau. Good *Peg* go and wait on her, and you *Biancha* too.

[*Exit Peg, Bianch.*

Pet. I tell thee, *Geraldo*, never had Man so Obedient and Loving a Wife as I have now, I defy the World to equal her.

Win. Nay, Brother, you must except her Sister.

Ger. You must except mine too, or I shall have 'a hard Bargain of it ; my Widow is all Obedience.

Pet. I'll tell you what I'll do with you, I'll hold you Ten Pounds, to be spent in a Collation on them, That mine has more Obedience than both them ; to try which, each send for his Wife, and if mine come not first I'll lose my Bett.

Saum. Gud ye'll lose your Siller sure enough, Sir.

Both. A Match.

Wood. I'll be your halves, *Geraldo* ; and yours Mr. *Winlove* too.

Win. *Jamy*, Go tell your Mistrefs, I desire her to come hither to me presently. [Exit *Jamy*.

Pet. A Piece more she does not come.

Beau. You'll lose, Son, you'll lose ; I know she'll come.

Pet. I know she wont ; I find by Instinct I shall Win my Wager.

Enter Jamy.

Jam. Sir, She says she's busie, and she can't leave Mr. *Geraldo's* Lady.

Pet. Look you there now ; come, your Money.

Ger. Prithee go again, and tell my Wife I must needs speak with her immediately. [Exit *Jamy*.

Pet. I shall win yours too as sure as in my Pocket.

Ger. I warrant you no such matter : What will you give to be off your Bett ?

Pet. I wont take Forty Shillings.

Encer

62 SAUNY the SCOT; or,

Enter Jamy.

How now?

Jam. Sir, she says you have no Business with her; if you have, you may come to her.

Pet. Come produce, I knew 'twou'd be so; *Sauny* go and tell *Peg* from me, I command her to come to me instantly.

Saum. I fe gar her gea wuth me, Sir, or I fe put my Durke to the Hilt in her Weam.

Wood. Yet you wont win, I'll hang for't if she'll come.

Pet. Yes but she will, as sure as you gave Forty Guineas to Court *Biancha*, I'll venture them to Twenty more upon't with you.

Wood. Nay, I have lost enough already.

Enter Peg and Sauny.

Pet. Look ye here, Gentlemen.

Saum. O my Saul, she's ean a daft gued Lafs, she's at your Beck, streake her and kiss her Man.

Marg. I come to receive your Commands, Sir.

Pet. All I have to say to thee *Peg*, is to bid thee demand Ten Pounds of these Two Gentlemen, thou hast Won it.

Marg. I, Sir, for what?

Pet. Only for being so good-natur'd to come when I send for you.

Marg. I did my Duty, Sir,

Pet. Come, pay, pay, give it her, I'll not bate you Twopence.

Ger. There's mine.

Win. And mine, Sister, much good may it do ye.

Beau. Well, *Peg*, I'll find thee One Thousand Pounds the more for this.

Saum. Bo' what wull ye gi' *Saundy* that halpt to mak her gued and tame? Wuns she was as wild as a Galloway-Coalt.

Enter

The Taming of the Shrew.

63

Enter Biancha and Widow.

Win. Look here they come at last.

Bian. What did you send for me for ?

Win. Why, to win me Five Pounds, if you had been as Obedient as you should a been.

Bian. You have not known me long enough to venture so much upon my Duty, I have been my Sister's Scholar a little.

Saun. Bo put her to *Saundy* to teach, Gud I'fe mak her fea gentle ye may streake her and handle her all o'er, Sir.

Ger. You might have got me Five Pounds if you had done as you should do.

Wid. Were it to do again you should be sure to lose.

Marg. Fie, Ladies, for shame, How dare you infringe that Duty which you justly owe your Husbands ; they are our Lords, and we must pay 'em Service.

Beau. Well said *Peg*, you must be their Tutor ; come, Son, if you'll have a Dance dispatch it quickly, the Musick's ready, and the Meat will be spoil'd.

Pet. Come then, play, play.

D A N C E.

Now let us in, and Eat, the Work is done,
Which neither Time nor Age can wear from Memory ;
I've *Tam'd the Shrew*, but will not be asham'd,
If next you see the very *Tamer Tam'd*.

F I N I S.

The Taming of the Shrew

James H. Hinkle and Wm. J. Hinkle

I am I look back they come at last.
 What did you find for me for?
 Why to win me I have found it if you had been as
 I am I look back they come at last.
 What did you find for me for?
 Why to win me I have found it if you had been as
 I am I look back they come at last.
 What did you find for me for?
 Why to win me I have found it if you had been as

as you should do.
 Now, you might have gotten your flowers if you had done
 let people go away from the car and made her all over, Sir.
 Now, let her go away to camp. And let me mark her

1. Come then my dear
 ready, and the meat will be spoiled.
 sent, if you'll have a Ditch digged in quickly, the Muck's
 Bann. Well said, &c. you must be their Tutor, come
 our 1. order, and we must pay a salary.
 that Dug, will you really owe your Landings; they are
 2. The Ladies, for instance. How dare you instance
 3. Were it to do again, you should be sure to lose.

Now let us in, and Eat, the Work is done,
Which neither Time nor Age can wear from Memory;
The Tower's the Tower, but will not be allured,
If next you see the very Tower Tower.

21 M 17